The Nation

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Summary of the News

With the election out of the way, the past week has seen a recrudescence of the movement for mediation by this country to bring about peace in Europe, which has taken a more defined form than previous movements of the kind. The New York *Times* on November 20 began the publication of a series of articles on the subject, which still continues, by a contributor writing under the pseudonym of "Cosmos." The gist of them appears to be that Lord Grey and Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg are seen from recent utterances to be in substantial agreement as to the conditions which should govern European relations in the future, and that peace may be obtained so soon as it is apparent that the German people realize that they have been misled by their rulers. The letters have attracted a considerable amount of attention in France and England, but it cannot be said that they have so far met with a very encouraging reception. In Berlin and Vienna the idea of mediation appears to have been received with more sympathy. It appears, however, from a letter by "Cosmos" in Monday's *Times*, replying to comment by Hall Caine, that the intention of the articles has been somewhat misunderstood, "Cosmos" asserting explicitly, "I make no plea for immediate peace." That plea is made, however, by the New York branch of the American Neutral Conference Committee, which at a meeting arranged by Jacob H. Schiff, on November 25, went on record as favoring immediate mediation by President Wilson.

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria died on November 21, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, and the sixty-ninth of his reign. He is succeeded by his grand-nephew, Charles Francis Joseph, who ascends the throne of the Dual Monarchy as Charles I of Austria and Charles IV of Hungary. There is little expectation that the death of the old Emperor, so dreaded in time of peace, will now in time of war make any difference in the international situation.

On the significance of last week's victory for the Russian Duma, which resulted in the resignation of the reactionary Premier Stürmer, we comment in our editorial columns. The precise course of events is obscured by the veil of the censorship, but it is obvious that the successful assertion of authority by the Duma is the most important single event in recent Russian history. The change was brought about by criticism of the Government's conduct of the war from the Constitutional Democrats. The Duma received the support of the Ministers of War and of Marine, and the resignation of M. Stürmer, and the appointment to succeed him of Alexander Trepoff was announced on November 24. The portfolio of Minister for Foreign Affairs, which was also held by M. Stürmer, has been taken by M. Neratoff, formerly Assistant Minister.

In Germany, too, there has been an important change in the Ministry, Herr von Jagow having retired as Foreign Minister, and being succeeded by Dr. Zimmermann, the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Ill-health is given as the ground for Herr von Jagow's retirement, which was officially announced on November 23, but undoubtedly popular opinion, indignant at the addition of Rumania to the list of Germany's enemies, had something to do with his removal.

The bill in the Reichstag providing for compulsory civilian service will no doubt go through (its first reading was fixed for yesterday), but in committee and at the opening of the Reichstag on November 25 it met with considerable opposition from the Socialist and progressive groups.

Definite announcement was made in the Prussian Diet on November 21, in reply to a question, that no part of Prussian Poland would be incorporated in the new "independent" kingdom of Poland.

The *Times* on November 24 published the letters which Dr. Karl Liebknecht, the German Socialist leader, wrote last spring to the military court which sentenced him to imprisonment as a result of his participation in the anti-war demonstrations of May Day. The letters, which purport to explain his opposition to the Government, are of extraordinary interest on account of their forceful indictment of German policy in provoking the war, and of her barbarous methods in carrying it on. Had there been any doubt about the sentence, Liebknecht's letters must have disposed of it, for no Frenchman or Englishman could have employed more scathing terms.

In the war, the news from Rumania has been depressing in the extreme for the Allies. Craiova fell to von Falkenhayn early last week, and Turnu-Severin and Orsova followed in quick order. The forces of von Falkenhayn and of von Mackensen (the latter from across the Danube) have apparently effected a junction, and are preparing for the march on Bucharest. Whether the capital can be saved depends entirely on the amount and promptness of the assistance that Russia may be able to afford. Some comfort is taken in Allied military circles by the fact that the Rumanian army on the extreme left of the line in Wallachia, which at one time seemed to be hopelessly trapped, managed to extricate itself, and that the retreating Rumanians were able to destroy large quantities of supplies.

On other fronts there has been little to record. Progress has been reported by the Servians northeast of Monastir and by the Italians to the west, but indications seem to be that the Bulgarians, occupying their new line, are putting up a stout resistance to the further advance of the Allies. In the west, on the Somme front, bad weather has interfered with operations. Some activity has been noted on the St. Mihiel salient.

Affairs in Greece continue to hasten slowly to a definite crisis. The Ministers of the Powers of the Central Alliance departed from Athens on November 22, despite the refusal of the King's Government to accede "in principle" to the demands of the Entente Powers. The other demands, for the surrender of munitions of war, have also been rejected, and Admiral du Fournet has threatened the application of forcible measures. A further warning against persecution of Venizelists was issued by the Entente Powers at the beginning of the present week. All in all, it looks now as if the long-expected crisis might come at any moment, and its coming should be hastened by the formal declaration of war against Bulgaria made by the Provisional Government on Saturday of last week.

The eternal submarine question is still suspended. Recent dispatches from Berlin have spoken of the probability of "impending complications" with the United States over the question, but Washington professes a bland innocence as to what is meant, while awaiting a reply to its inquiries regarding the Marina and other cases. Two British hospital ships were sunk last week, the Britannic, announced on November 22, and the Braemer Castel, two days later, both in the Ægean. It appears probable that both were sunk by mines, rather than by torpedoes, but, as Lord Robert Cecil has pointed out, the mines must have been laid by submarines. "What matter whether one is killed By canister or grape?" Meanwhile the destruction goes on merrily, no less than twenty vessels, a large proportion of them under neutral flags, having been reported sunk since we wrote last week. From the fact that a warning against submarines was sent out by a British cruiser off Sandy Hook on Sunday, it seems likely that we may shortly expect another visitor to these shores of the amiability of the U-53.

After interminable shufflings and evasions, the Mexican members of the Joint Commission agreed on November 24 to the final terms presented by Secretary Lane. These contemplate, subject to formal endorsement of the plan by President Wilson and Gen. Carranza, the withdrawal of the American troops within forty days after such endorsement, with the proviso that, should conditions not permit of the withdrawal, the American troops, either with or without the coöperation of the Mexican forces, will proceed to remedy those conditions. The protection of the border is left in *statu quo*, each country being supposed to suppress any disorders that may arise, while the United States reserves the right of sending its forces into Mexico in pursuit of raiders, should such action be necessary. As we write, there appears to be a decided possibility that conditions may not permit the contemplated withdrawal of the troops. A pitched battle has been in progress at Chihuahua for some days, Villa making desperate efforts to capture the city. So far he has been held off, not without difficulty, but the danger is by no means over, and, should he succeed in taking the place, he would again be in the position of a leader of a definite military faction.

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The Week

The agreement adopted by the American-Mexican Joint Commission last Friday lays the foundation for a permanent settlement not only of the pressing difficulties between the two countries, but of the internal troubles of Mexico herself. The agreement itself determines only the issues directly connected with the border difficulties; but if it is put into effect through Carranza's approval —that of President Wilson being a matter of course—it will be followed by further conferences of the Commission directed to the treatment of those questions relating to internal conditions in Mexico which have a legitimate concern for the United States, and in their degree for other nations also. It seems almost impossible that Carranza should fail to recognize that his interest, and that of his country, is supremely involved in the acceptance of this measure of concord and safety, so evidently dictated on the part of our Government by sincere good will, and marked by the utmost moderation in its provisions. Yet experience has shown that it is not safe to count with certainty on the completion of the transaction until the head of the *de facto* Mexican Government has affixed his signature. With that accomplished, it may sincerely be felt that a new and truly hopeful chapter will be opened in the long story of President Wilson's patient and benevolent dealings with the extraordinary problem presented by Mexico's semi-anarchic condition.

The decision on the Adamson "eight-hour law" by Judge Hook in the Federal District Court at Kansas City throws little light on the judicial attitude towards the measure's Constitutionality. It is true, Judge Hook declared that "upon a consideration of the Adamson law, and of what is said of its practical effect, and of what was intended to be accomplished by it," he believes it "cannot be sustained." But even this is conditioned by the phrase "as the Court construes the terms of the law"—which at least hints that the nature of those terms may be open to argument. The evident purpose of the Court was to expedite the progress of the Constitutional suit up to the highest tribunal, in view of the many complications which might be incurred through long delay. This dominant purpose is shown not only by the somewhat cautious language of the decision, but by the facts that no formal discussion by the opposing counsel has been heard, that so short a time was taken by the Court between the filing of the suit and the announcement of the findings, and that the particular suit selected was that involving a railway in a receiver's hands, whose action in the matter of appeal was subject to instruction of the Court. The Court directs this appeal to the Supreme Court to be made on December 4, and suggests that all proper efforts be to advance the case, in that tribunal, to an early settlement. Whether this does or does not foreshadow a final judgment before January 1, when the law becomes operative, depends partly on the willingness of the highest court to advance the case with the necessary speed, but partly also on the willingness of the other railways to join in this particular suit and rest their case on the special contentions raised in it.

The question of government ownership of railways is sure to be very much to the fore throughout the sessions of the Newlands Committee, which began its hearings at Washington last week. Whether it will assume the character of a practical issue or will remain in what, for want of a better term, we are wont to call the academic stage, remains to be seen. But in either case public opinion will be in process of formation, and anything that tends to the confusing or misleading of that opinion is deeply to be deplored. Such a thing is the dissemination of loose and reckless statements as to the effect of the existing system of regulation on the financial status of the railways. The railway magnates are opposed to government ownership, and yet from quarters very close to them statements are constantly put out depicting the working of regulation as ruinous to the credit of the railways. The object of the statements may be, and doubtless is, simply to discredit the particular kind of regulation we have been having; but these gentlemen ought to have sense enough to know that extravagant charges against regulation are far more calculated to promote the drift towards government ownership than to effect the changes that they desire. And that the charges are absurdly extravagant is manifest. There are, to be sure, a number of railways in the hands of receivers—as there were before Federal regulation was thought of—but it would be a tough job to show that any considerable proportion of this bankruptcy was brought about by anything but mismanagement or dishonesty. As for railway credit in general, it is not only not in bad shape, but in extraordinarily good condition. In spite of the billions of our securities returned from Europe, good railway bonds command prices yielding an income of only 4¼ per cent.—but little higher than New York city bonds, which are generally regarded as one of the three prime investments of the world—and the demand is so great that investment houses find their shelves bare of this class of securities.

A gain of two Democratic Congressmen in Pennsylvania, with half a dozen seats still in doubt, makes it a neck-and-neck race between the two parties in the next House. The margin by which either party may expect to elect a Speaker is now reduced to the very narrowest, with a corresponding increase of importance for the little group of independents. Should the latter actually hold the balance of power, it is hard to see how they can refrain from throwing their support to the Democrats for the purpose of organizing the House. As men who, by definition, are pledged to the national interest rather than to party, it would be absurd to play for a deadlock by pitting a Republican House against a Democratic Senate and President, with consequent prejudice to the business of the country. The sensible and patriotic thing would be to give Mr. Wilson's Administration an opportunity to carry on its policies subject to the powerful check which a close House is sure to impose. It is a situation which the country would regard with equanimity. It would also redound to a greater prestige for the independent group than is to be derived from the election of a Republican Speaker with two years of partisan warfare and general frustration.

West Virginia is the first of the States where there is wide suspicion of election frauds to begin an inquiry. Gov. Hatfield has called the Legislature into special session for this, and for the amendment of the election laws. The Republican Governor's message charges frauds in the election of his Democratic successor in language quite unveiled. "By methods as reprehensible as they are corrupt, by bribery, open intimidation, and open repeating of unlawful voters in certain counties of the State a desperate and unscrupulous effort to get possession of the executive machinery of the State has apparently succeeded." It is known that Democrats, contending that the Gubernatorial vote was untainted, have anything but that opinion of the vote which gave Hughes a slight majority; and impartial investigation ought to be welcomed by both sides. Meanwhile, the Legislature is determined to hurry through measures which shall make

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it impossible for the returning Democrats to carry out their threats against duly elected Republican officers. One provides for the removal of State elective officers on filed charges, throwing the trial before the Supreme Court instead of a special tribunal; the other permits accused appointive officers to appeal to the Supreme Court.

Wages have been advanced by the United States Steel Corporation on a scale that attracts national attention, and at the same time important increases for the New England textile workers are announced. In both cases the advance follows previous ones made during the war period, and the total increase is very substantial—as it needs to be, in view of the great rise of prices of necessaries of life. How widespread the movement in this direction is may be, to some extent, inferred from the figures contained in a bulletin just issued by the New York State Industrial Commission. From returns furnished by 1,500 representative firms in various branches of industry, embracing more than half a million employees and a total weekly pay-roll of more than $8,000,000, it appears that the average weekly earnings per employee during the month of October, 1916, were $14.93, as against $13.30 in October, 1915, and $12.26 in October, 1914. The increase in the average weekly wage in the two years has accordingly been 22 per cent. The aggregate amount of weekly wages shows a much larger percentage of increase than this—namely, 49 per cent.—the number of employees having increased by 23 per cent. All this goes far towards explaining how the masses are able to get on as well as they do in the face of the rapid advance of prices.

Although the Second Annual Silk Convention, in session at Paterson, N. J., adopted resolutions recommending a duty of 5 per cent. a pound plus 30 per cent. ad valorem on imported dyestuffs, there was no warrant for them in the speech of President Stone of the National Aniline and Chemical Company. He stated that the United States had already made such strides in the manufacture of dyestuffs that "soon this country would be producing all necessary dye colors and in as good quality as ever came from Germany," and that "the whole situation is now very satisfactory, and every American consumer should be able to procure practically everything he needs for next year." The high price of American dyes, he added as if for the special confusion of high-tariff talkers, was not due to the greater cost of labor, but to the fact that the raw materials were largely those used in the making of munitions, and he expressed his belief that after the war prices would be normal. Such statements are frequently challenged, but there is no doubt that the American response to the opportunities which the war opened in this field has surprised and continues to surprise every one. That we shall have protection for the industry the action taken last autumn in connection with the Revenue bill made certain. No new duties will be effective till the end of the war.

The action of England in declaring gold, silver, paper money, securities, checks, drafts, letters of credit, etc., contraband, at least has the merit of giving official countenance to practices that have been going on for some time. It has been absolutely impossible to forward remittances of any kind to the Central Powers save by wireless, for the English have not hesitated to take from the mails small remittances in any form, despite the fact that the United States has held these practices contrary to international law and an indefensible violation of the mail service between the United States and countries with which it is at peace. This policy has worked great hardship upon many innocent persons. Thus, people who have for years been in receipt of trust-fund remittances from this country and the families in Poland, Hungary, Galicia, Austria, and Germany of tens of thousands of laborers in the United States are being deprived of the remittances upon which their livelihood depended. It is both very small business and an indication of the extreme measures to which the war is gradually leading.

Discussion of the origin of the war is now "academic," we are told, but the subject will certainly be of intense interest to the historian and the moralist in the future. And every scrap of evidence that can be passed on to them will be treasured up. One such appears, as by accident or inadvertence, in the Red Book which the Austrian Government recently published to explain its diplomatic dealings with Rumania. The whole is intended to show that, from beginning to end, Austria sought to maintain friendly relations with Rumania, and that the breach was wholly the fault of the latter. Granting this, if one pleases, consider the following point. The very first dispatch in the Red Book is from the Austrian Foreign Minister, Count Berchtold, to the Austrian Minister in Bucharest. It was dated July 22, 1914, one day before the Austrian ultimatum was sent to Servia. The terms of that ultimatum were transmitted to the Austrian Minister to Rumania, with instructions to take them up with the Rumanian Government. The latter was to be asked, in view of the danger that Russia might move and bring on a war, to enter into a treaty of alliance with the Central Powers. Now, the question is this: Could such a proposal have been made without the knowledge of Germany? It seems incredible, everybody would answer. But Berlin has always stoutly asserted that it knew nothing about the Servian ultimatum until after it was sent. After this Austrian disclosure, however, the German Government will have to tell that to the submarines.

The two letters of Liebknecht to the Royal Military Court, smuggled from Germany and printed in the New York *Times*, are quite astonishing in their boldness. Liebknecht, to be sure, enters a defence against the charge of high treason. Any international Socialist, he argues, is as hostile to every foreign capitalist government as to his own, as eager to attack autocracy under the name of Czarism as under that of Junkerdom. He claims a position of neutrality in a conflict between capitalistic governments. But he challenges German opinion concerning the origin and the prosecution of the war as it has been challenged by few but Germany's foes. The German Government, with its imperialistic aims and its promotion of competitive armaments, has one of the largest shares in the deeper responsibility for the war, and by its plottings in partnership with the Austrian Government has "burdened itself with the principal responsibility for the immediate outbreak." He charges that the Government has misled the masses from the outset, and has maintained war-sentiment by the most reprehensible means. Above all, he denounces comprehensively the outrages, some of which it had been feared not a single German saw fully in their real light—the invasion of Belgium, the use of poisonous gases, the misuse of Zeppelins and submarines, and the hostage system. Among these, he gives an importance to German machinations among prisoners of war that is new to most observers. A man whose voice thus reaches the world from prison can hardly be made dumb while he lives.

A debate in the Prussian Diet last week on the subject of Poland will help the world to orient itself as concerns the restored "Kingdom of Poland." It is now perfectly

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evident that the proposal of Germany had not merely a "string" to it, but a veritable cable. Only with Russian Poland is Germany making free to turn it over to the Poles; Prussian Poland is to remain under Hohenzollern domination. "Every inch of ground in the eastern frontier districts of Prussia," declared the Minister of the Interior, "is sacred and inalienable. No Prussian can think otherwise." A Polish member of the Diet spoke of the "apprehension" lest "only a portion of the Polish people will have national freedom"; and a Socialist declared for a "liberation of the Poles" which did not mean virtual annexation. But the Minister of the Interior replied simply that such speeches were "disgraceful." At any rate, they show us where we stand. No one can at present fail to see that the German Government did not mean what it said when it spoke of a restored Polish nation. An independent Poland with Prussian Poland left out would be a mockery to Polish aspirations. Moreover, it would, even if the project were honestly carried out, create an impossible situation. The difficulties of governing Prussian Poland are already very great; they would become insurmountable if a free Poland were just across the border. Hence the net result of the statements in the Prussian Diet is to throw doubt upon the good faith of the German Government in the whole matter of reëstablishing the kingdom of Poland. The limitations clearly intended would, as the Polish member of the Diet said, make of the alleged independent Poland "only a pretence."

Behind the veil of the Russian censorship a drama has been playing itself out which is of prime significance for the future of the war and for the future of Russia after the war. The details of the action we do not know as yet, but its general course may be reconstructed from three factors: the revelation from Petrograd of a battle fought between the progressive Duma and the reactionary Cabinet, ending in a victory for the Duma; the proclamation of the kingdom of Poland by the Central Powers; the retirement of the Russian Premier, Stürmer. And the argument of the play is a simple one. Stürmer, pro-German in sympathies, set himself to bring about a separate peace for Russia. This was challenged by the Duma, which is patriotic as well as Liberal, and which saw in an agreement with Germany not only the disappointment of national aspirations, but the reëstablishment in stronger form than ever at Petrograd of that German influence which Liberal opinion in Russia is unanimous in regarding as perhaps the strongest single influence for reaction. On a matter of purely internal policy the Duma could not have defeated the Cabinet. On an issue of patriotism it succeeded. The fall of Stürmer was assured, and the chances of a separate peace went glimmering. Thereupon, Berlin announced the kingdom of Poland, made up of Russia's conquered provinces.

So much for the meaning of Premier Stürmer's retirement as regards the war itself. For the future of internal progress in Russia the defeat of the pro-German element and the victory of the Duma in a pitched battle between Liberalism and reaction hold out the brightest promise. It means that the progressive bloc in the Duma is not a temporary league, but that a permanent majority has been created, with a programme of wide-reaching reforms. A prominent feature in this programme is the demand for fairer treatment of the hitherto oppressed minor nationalities in Russia—of the Jews, the Little Russians, and, by no means the least, the Poles. Towards such a programme the Czar's Government is forced not only by pressure from within, but by the necessity of counteracting the moral effect abroad of the announcement of a free Poland by Berlin. For all the restrictions attached to the German pledge and the transparently selfish motives behind it, the concrete fact cannot altogether be explained away. Self-government for the majority of the Polish people has been promised by the Central Powers; will the defeat of the Central Powers mean the defeat of Polish aspirations? Such an impression abroad would do much harm to the Allied cause. The triumph of the Liberal elements within Russia is to be taken as a counter-pledge that the victory of the Allies would not mean for Poland a return to *ante-bellum* conditions.

The resignation of President Sharpless, of Haverford College, to take effect upon the rounding out of three decades' service at the close of the academic year, gives occasion for comment on the value of the small college—the college that not only refuses to enter into the general scramble for numbers, but also refrains from attempting the rôle of a university. Of this type of college Haverford is perhaps the very best example in the country, and in Dr. Sharpless it has enjoyed the good fortune of having an ideal head. No universal rule can be laid down for the guidance of young men choosing a college; but there are unquestionably many for whom a college like Haverford would be best, and who simply drift with the tide in going to the big universities. As the Philadelphia *Inquirer* says, "Dr. Sharpless has always set great store by having students come into close contact with the professors, something which is impossible in the large institutions. He thinks this makes for individuality and for a better developed character." A point of no little interest may be noted in connection with the remark made by that newspaper that "the ideal would seem to be to have young men and women take their purely college course at small institutions and go to the universities for higher training." How short a time it is since the idea of young women going in for the ordinary college curriculum seemed a striking novelty, yet now to have them thought of as going to college in preparation for the higher training of the university is a mere matter of course.

The death of Inez Milholland Boissevain, a martyr to her devotion to the suffrage cause, despite her apparently superb physique, is a genuine loss to the women's movement. For many she was far too radical in her views as to the future of women, notably in relation to the other sex. But when all is said and done she remains a fine example of the modern young woman who throws herself whole-souled into her work, becomes a graceful and effective public speaker, adopts a learned profession, and, despite her marriage, continues in her chosen career. She found herself on leaving college in circumstances that admitted of ease. But to be a popular society figure was the last thing she could have thought of. While studying for the bar she found plenty of time to devote to the reforms which appealed to her, and it seemed as if the cause of every down-trodden group attracted her sympathy irresistibly. If she had much to learn, both in the fields of sociology and politics, she was one of those who were learning all the time. She illustrated, too, the fact that if the woman suffrage movement owes much to the younger women who have recently come to the front, they in turn owe much to it; for the opportunity to reach out, to test their talents, the chance to think for themselves and give expression to their best, is bringing forward many women who will be an asset to the nation's life, because of their sense of civic and social responsibility, long after suffrage is won. Among these the name of Mrs. Boissevain ought surely to be long remembered.

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THE TALK OF AN EMBARGO.

For some months past there has been a sporadic demand that Congress should prevent the exportation of foodstuffs. It has been obviously and inevitably a reflex of the rapidly rising prices of the necessaries of life. Numerous petitions, it is stated, have been prepared for presentation in Congress, praying that an embargo may be laid. The movement has been scattered and not very authoritative; but now the subject receives importance, though no great dignity, from the public announcement of the Chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives. Mr. Fitzgerald declares not merely that he favors an embargo, but that he will introduce and press vigorously a bill to authorize and enforce it. It will soon be time, therefore, for a discussion of the whole matter.

Concerning one underlying general principle, there can be little dispute. If the selling of food abroad were to leave the United States bare and famished, the duty of the Government would be plain. It could not see its own citizens brought needlessly into peril of starvation. The clearest interest of the nation would dictate that its own people be guarded against want and misery. But that the danger of that has as yet become anything like acute, there is no evidence. The supply of wheat and flour is the nearest to a question of emergency. Due as well to a short harvest as to foreign buying, on top of the locking up of Russian wheat, the price of bread has mounted and may go higher. But it is doubtful if anything that could be done now would relieve the stringency before the next harvest. Moreover, the difficult situation is being met in a variety of ways. Many substitutions can be made in the food used. Besides, the needs of the working classes are getting recognition in the general increases of wages, already high beyond precedent. No one can truly say that a food-crisis is actually confronting the country. It may come, and it may be necessary to take measures to meet it, but it is not at present an exigency requiring extreme forms of legislation.

As for Chairman Fitzgerald's proposals, it is evident that he is far from having thought them through. He mixes up two things that should be kept separate. He argues that our people should be kept from privation and suffering on account of a scant food supply, but in the same breath he contends that an embargo would be a fit measure of retaliation against England for her blacklist and other offences. But each of these matters should be left to stand on its own bottom. If a food embargo means enlightened self-interest, let it be put on that ground. But if we are going about the business of retaliation against Great Britain, that should be attended to by itself—and there are more effective steps that could be taken than the cutting off of food exports.

The fact is that to neither of the appeals which Mr. Fitzgerald makes will he get any popular response, at present. There is no general desire in this country to do anything which would look like taking sides against England and her allies in this war. And it is certain that, both in the House and in the agricultural regions of the United States, there would be stout opposition to an embargo limited to foodstuffs. Let it be seriously pressed, and Mr. Fitzgerald will be sure to hear something to his disadvantage from the embattled farmers of the land. They will argue that if others are entitled to their swollen war-profits, so are they. And they will insist that if an embargo is to be laid at all, it ought to cover the whole line of exports. They will ask Mr. Fitzgerald why, if he is so anxious to strike back at Great Britain, he does not propose to forbid exports—we will not say of munitions of war, pure and simple—but of steel and machinery and copper and oil and the raw materials of manufacture.

Many other questions would be raised, upon which Mr. Fitzgerald has not thus far thrown any light. Would he make his embargo absolute or only partial? If the intention is to shut off American foodstuffs from Great Britain alone, or possibly France, too, but shipments are to be allowed to go freely to neutrals—say, Spain or South America—what is to prevent the wicked English from buying our products in other markets? Then there is the matter of contracts already made with American exporters. Would Mr. Fitzgerald impair their obligation? Would he prevent the shipment of food to the starving Belgians?

No one can stop for as long as ten minutes to think about an embargo without seeing that it is an immensely complicated subject. It ought not to be attacked by any haphazard legislator off-hand. And we are confident that the more it is discussed the slower will Congress be to act. An embargo merely on food would arouse huge resentment among the agricultural classes—a resentment which, under the circumstances as they exist to-day, would be justified. And the other considerations to which we have barely alluded make it highly probable that Congress will not follow Mr. Fitzgerald, unless the whole food-situation rapidly and radically changes for the worse.

GERMANY AFTER THE WAR.

The latest seer to prophesy just what will happen after the war is over is Prof. Kuno Francke. It is a sport in which anybody may qualify, whether he be a Harvard professor, a Wyoming star-gazer, or even an editor. When the world is in a cataclysm the outcome of which no man can foresee, anybody's guess is as worth while as anybody else's. Those who realize the magnitude of what is going on, and the fact that the world is being irresistibly swept on to its fate, whatever that may be, by the terrible forces which have been set in motion, are careful not to attempt to forecast the future save to say what is indisputable—that the world can never return to the old order, and that, in the belligerent countries at least, the existing order will undergo a vast change.

But Professor Francke sees far more deeply than that, if the press reports of his lecture are correct. He beholds a greater and nobler Germany—speed the day!—arising out of the purifying sacrifices of the war, with great and progressive changes in army, church, state, school, and the status of women, all as the result of the frightful bloodshed it is now witnessing. The Kaiser, he reports, on the strength of a private letter from one who recently spent an evening with him, as a changed man, who is rapidly becoming the greatest of reformers, the keenest to see that vast changes are needed even in this nation of super-efficient supermen. By some magic, the old rift between the army caste and the civilians is to be ended; the bureaucracy is to be as expert and as honest as ever, but not as autocratic nor as remote from the people as before, while Junker and Social-Democrat are to be brought together as never hitherto—all because the fighting millions will return from battleship and trench "with a heightened sense of what citizenship implies and what is the people's due."

This is indeed a lovely picture for anybody to draw, and Professor Francke evidently enjoyed to the full the painting of it. But, alas! it appears that after all this paradisiacal change is not to take place automatically and overnight. It is to come as a result of great national strife. For Professor Francke admits that every war, successful or otherwise, "has the tendency to increase the demands of the advocates of militarism and

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of class rule." Serious clashes of opinion among the various classes therefore appear inevitable in the near future. But Dr. Francke is pretty certain that this struggle will not have the same virulence and bitterness which have marked it in the past. The comradeship of the war is supposed to have put an end to that, so that there will merely be pleasant joustings, and then the reformation will have been achieved. Plainly, Professor Francke is on firmer ground here, for there are historic precedents to fall back upon. Peace usually does bring with it a period of reaction and turmoil, with, as he suggests, the vested interests strengthening their hold. But there is little in the past to show that the inevitable class struggles after this war will be of a milder type than heretofore. Human nature does not change during a war or the minute that the firing ceases.

Particularly will this be true of the German military. If one should speculate at all, it would seem as if the military caste would come out of the struggle stronger than ever, and more than ever insistent that it must dominate the country's life. Professor Francke senses this and, assuming as he does that German arms will either win a victory or achieve a deadlock, fears that there will be a demand for greater preparedness. He even foresees the enrolling of civilians, men and women, in a new sort of reserve prepared to serve the state. He hopes, of course, that this lurch into further militarism will be held in check, but he does not see any hope for it in disarmament unless Germany receives pledges which he thinks nobody can give. But if this is to be the case, how is Germany going to profit by the war? Her military will, of course, assert that by their prowess they have saved the country from destruction by a just and wonderful self-defence. To assume that if Germany does become more militaristic or even remains as much so as before the war, her *Kultur* and her national ideals are going to spread throughout the world and more than ever conquer other nations in the realm of ideas, seems utterly preposterous. In that case Germany will indefinitely be regarded as a menace, and the whole of the civilized world will watch her with suspicion and distrust. Her ideas and ideals will everywhere encounter the firmest resistance.

If we, too, may do some guessing, we should not expect to see the slightest gain to the nation from that exaltation of feeling and united action which has made the German nation in arms both so remarkable and so formidable. There is more humbug talked about the purifying processes of war than about anything else. Certainly, one cannot find in the progress of events in England to date anything that suggests that that nation is undergoing a new birth. Many of the liberties of her citizens have been throttled, so much so that it is questionable whether they will all be restored without a long struggle, and, unless there is disarmament, there is every danger that the nation will be conquered by the ideals of the German militarists, and itself become militaristic to the extent of its means. On every hand reaction is in full tide. The child-labor laws have been broken down, the hours of labor lengthened, while the feverish prosperity of the war does infinite harm to the wage-earner. Every moral cause stagnates, while the press gives columns to the spread of immorality, and there has been no real grappling with the drink evil.

There, as in Germany, there will be no real moral gain unless certain bold spirits rise in revolt when peace comes against the whole system of war, or there is a definite league for peace and long steps towards internationalism. Otherwise, it would appear, there would be no substantial gain whatever from the fact that men of all classes have stood together in the trenches with devout patriotism. Such compensations in the life of any nation as now appear by no means offset the horrible slaughter of the flower of the land, and the almost universal grief and suffering. Far more substantial results must appear to offset the tide of reaction, and far-reaching victories for humanity must be won about the peace-table in order to enable any one to assert with any basis of truth that the net result of this struggle is really to be a gain either for Germany or for mankind as a whole.

FRANCIS JOSEPH AND AUSTRIA.

Francis Joseph came to the throne of the Hapsburgs in the midst of storm and leaves it in the midst of tempest. Few conspicuous lives have been bracketed between such momentous dates in world history. He was born in 1830, the year of the July Revolution which saw the reëmergence of the Europe created by the French Revolution from the pall of reaction after Waterloo. He was brought to the throne by the revolutionary upheaval of 1848, in which the results of the French Revolution were definitely affirmed. He dies on the eve of a probable world transformation. It is the longest personal reign in modern history; longer by four years than Victoria's, and longer actually than the reign of Louis XIV, if we recall that Louis came to the throne a child of five while Francis Joseph assumed power at the threshold of manhood. Of his career it is usual to speak as a pilgrimage of sorrow, marked by national misfortunes and personal tragedy. He seems to have borne up well under both. He was sustained in part by an indomitable pride in an historic tradition of six hundred years of Hapsburg rule in the heart of Europe, in part probably by that light Viennese temperament which asserts its will to life and to joy under the bitter lessons of time. He has been commonly accepted as a man of kindly sentiments. If exception is taken to that estimate one would have to go back to the early years of his reign. Historians have not absolved him of responsibility for the severities visited upon the Hungarians after 1849 and the cruelties of the Austrian rule in Italy. That is a matter of half a century. The more favorable conception of the man has been fostered by the fact that under him the monarchy enjoyed a longer era of peace than any other nation in Europe.

Had Francis Joseph died before August, 1914, there would have been pertinence in the classic question of what would become of the Hapsburg monarchy when its apparently sole bond of unity disappeared with the person of the Emperor-King. The question has now lost meaning. Greater forces than the personality of Francis Joseph, or of any conceivable personality short of a Napoleon, will now determine the fate of the Dual Monarchy. If the war is won by the Allies, and won decisively, Austria, in proportion to its present importance, will be the greatest loser. If the war is won by the Central Powers or ends in a draw, Austria will remain what it has been, as measured by integrity of territory. Even without the war it is likely that events would have shown the estimate of the monarchy as a state doomed to dissolution to be exaggerated. The case of Turkey, the most conspicuous Sick Man in Europe, shows how persistent is the vitality of a state whose roots run far back into history. Turkey was kept alive by the let-alone policies of Abdul Hamid. When these had lost their efficacy, Turkey found relief in the heroic remedy of internal revolution administered by the Committee of Union. It has been so with the Hapsburg monarchy, which has profited by the sheer momentum of historical existence, by luck, and by the play of outside forces. Francis Joseph's throne

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was saved for him in the first year of his reign by the Russian armies which crushed the Hungarian rebellion. It survived the disaster of Königgrätz because it suited Bismarck's purposes to keep Austria intact and friendly. To-day it is Hungary which operates as an internal force for the maintenance of the monarchy. Magyar sentiment desires the preservation of a state in which it hopes to dominate.

But though Austria remain intact, the war must inevitably accentuate the steady decline in prestige which marked the reign of Francis Joseph. He came to the throne only forty years after the Austrian Emperors had ceased to be Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire. His advent was marked by the collapse of the policies of Metternich which had been dominant in Europe since Waterloo. Ten years later came Villafranca and the beginning of the end of Austrian power in Italy. Five years later, in Schleswig-Holstein, came the collapse of its leadership in the Germanic system, a fact formally attested by Austria's expulsion from the Germanic league two years later, after Königgrätz. After 1871 Austria became, what it has remained to the present day, a satellite of Prussia. The war, whether won or lost by the Central Powers, means the definite subordination of Vienna to Berlin, even in matters of internal policy. For Austria has shown no capacity to play the part even of an ally. Its armies have been regularly defeated under Austrian leadership and have now passed virtually under German command. It is not likely that, if Germany were to win, Austria would be left in free control of a military system which has broken down on every front, before Russia, before Italy, and before Servia, until Mackensen came to the rescue. The scheme of a Mittel-Europa, which is to establish Teutonic ascendency from the Baltic to the Gulf of Persia, means the definite subordination of the Hapsburg monarchy to the Prussian word of command.

Such a consummation is all the more probable because it falls in with Hungarian as well as German ambitions. The Magyars hold that the war has shown them to be the only energetic element in the monarchy. They have not troubled to conceal their contempt for the weak-fibred German subjects of Francis Joseph and the recalcitrant Slavs. Hungary cannot hope to stand by itself. It is perfectly content to take the premier place in a state dominated by German policies and methods. And that is the fate which seems to await the heritage of the Hapsburg: German tutelage in its external life and Magyar ascendency within.

THE ELECTORAL SYSTEM.

Among the answers received by the New York *World* to its circular telegram of inquiry as to "the advisability of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States abolishing the Electoral College and directly electing the President of the United States," there is one which we venture to think will receive unanimous commendation:

> Representative S. E. Winslow, Fourth Massachusetts District (Rep.)—The question is one that I have not studied at all.

And, whatever may be the mere count of yeas and nays among the answers, it is manifest that from the men who have done any serious thinking on the subject the proposal gets practically no support at all. For these men, whether Northerners or Southerners, realize that on the very threshold of the matter as a practical problem there stands the anomalous condition of the suffrage in the South. We are far from wishing it to be understood that that condition must be suffered in perpetuity; only that the tremendously difficult problem it presents must be faced before the plan of election by direct popular vote can be considered as a practical proposal. Every Southern man quoted is dead against the idea; every Northern man of importance is against it unless accompanied by a radical change as to suffrage in the South. That there are highly weighty objections independent of all this we have heretofore pointed out; but this difficulty stands in the first line, and until it is squarely grappled with there is not a particle of use in going on with the business at all.

Short of making the election of the President turn on a nation-wide count of the popular vote, there are methods which would give a closer approximation to that than is furnished by the existing system. One of these, which has often been suggested, and which finds considerable support, is that of dividing the electoral vote of each State (as nearly as possible) in the ratio in which the popular vote of that State was divided at the polls. For this plan there is much to be said, but it should be noted that it would not do away with the difficulty presented by the Southern situation. As soon as you get away from the *status quo;* as soon as you go behind the fact that the States of the Solid South cast their Presidential vote as they, or as the dominant race in them, please; as soon as you make the distribution of the vote within the State a matter with which the other States practically and effectively concern themselves, you inevitably bring up the whole question of the negro's suffrage. If we are prepared to tackle that question, well and good; if not, it can only do mischief to agitate another which, the moment it gets beyond the academic stage, will inevitably drag this one into the arena.

And even in the abstract, much as is justly to be said in favor of the proportional-electors scheme, the present method of solid State voting is by no means an unmixed evil. The concentration of effort upon States in which the winning over of a comparatively small number of independent voters is of momentous import is often calculated to give a reality to the contest which otherwise would be hardly attainable. We see this in a striking way in such campaigns as those which marked the September elections in Maine. In the campaign just closed, such phenomena as that of the vote in Kansas, or Ohio, or New Jersey, or several other States that might be mentioned, are far more truly significant of the trend of political feeling, in one respect or another, than would be the winning of a few tens of thousands of votes scattered in a nondescript way throughout the vast mass of our twenty millions of voters between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the Great Lakes and the Gulf. As for corrupt or fraudulent practices, it may well be doubted whether, when a great stake is involved, the danger of this would not be quite as great in a condition in which every vote that can be scraped into the pile, no matter in which one of our forty-eight States it might be found, would be so much to the good. In these circumstances, the systematic organization of the campaign by professional managers would become a more important factor than ever.

In returning to the subject editorially, the *World* lays stress rather on the defects of the mechanism of the existing system than on its underlying principle. These defects are patent and are fraught with grave possibilities of danger; and the *World* is entirely right in urging that they should be remedied. But they are far more likely to be remedied at an early day if effort is centred on the effecting of such amendment as is necessary to accomplish this than if it is loaded down with the difficulties of a more ambitious project of change. The personal disability of an individual elector, errors made by voters or by election officials affecting him, technical complications of any kind in the matter, are wholly unnecessary and should be removed. One way to get rid of them, and

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apparently the best as well as the simplest, would be to get rid of the mediation of electors altogether—the State's vote, on the same basis as at present, being cast directly for the Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates. One advantage of this method, and one by no means to be despised, is that it would permit, what is now absolutely impossible, a discrimination on the part of voters between the Presidential and the Vice-Presidential candidate of the same party. This would compel, what our repeated experience of vacancies in the Presidency has failed to bring about, a real solicitude in party conventions as to the quality of the candidate for the Vice-Presidency. A Constitutional amendment to get rid of the glaring defects of the existing mechanism, while leaving its basis undisturbed, could, we feel sure, be pressed to adoption in a very short time, for it would meet with little or no opposition. Congress could do no better thing, immediately after assembling, than to charge a special committee with the duty of framing an amendment that would effect this simple but important and urgent reform.

JACK LONDON.

The most engaging figure in the younger ranks of American writers disappears with the premature death of Jack London. He had the gift, rare among our successful authors, of personality. That cleverness and adaptability of which Mr. Brownell spoke the other day, and which enables us to simulate the literary flair of the moment, has produced an enormous school of red-blooded writers of which Jack London must be taken as the founder. But whereas in his successors the gusto and the "punch" are machine-made and made to order, in Jack London they were the immediate expression of an abounding and winning vitality. He was more genuine than the primitive heroes of his own stories, because he was more many-sided and more human. His Socialism, for instance, was the expression at the same time of a love of combat and freedom and justice and of a generous sympathy for the weak and the unfortunate. This may not be in harmony with his predilection as a writer for the brute strength of man, and his preoccupation with the chronicles of tooth and claw, but it adds to the attractiveness of the big-muscled, clear-eyed, and warm-hearted personality that the general public visualized and his friends knew. Not since the death of Mark Twain has there been a literary figure in this country that was productive of so much newspaper copy, legitimately and not through the wiles of the press agent. The parallel to Mark Twain is found in the facts of Jack London's life, a characteristic American career in its self-made success out of humble and difficult origins. What the Mississippi and the West were to Mark Twain, the Pacific and the Yukon were to Jack London. The comparison need go no further. It would be idle to assert that London coined out of his experience the high literary values attained by the great Missourian.

Popular opinion is justified in regarding "The Call of the Wild," published thirteen years ago and quite early in his literary career, as the best of his tales. While the zest of life, the love of adventure in the open, remained with him to the end, the original impulse became in later years too much overlaid with generalization and formula drawn out of books. His brief and sporadic studies at college and his reading in economics and popular sociology tended towards a self-conscious primitiveness. He became too fond of speaking of male-strength instead of men, and his strong lovers were too prone to address the object of their affections as "my mate" or "my woman," suggestive more of a training in the principles of sex education and the biological responsibilities of citizenship than of the unreflecting impulses of the truly primitive nature. The hero of his "Sea Wolf" is a methodical superman; not so much one of Nietzsche's unconscious blond beasts as a man who has read Nietzsche and acts up to formula. Better than these sophisticated primitives are the genuinely simple types of one of his very earliest books, "The God of His Fathers," in which the simple elements of struggle, of human endurance, and loyalty and sacrifice are projected with almost childlike directness against the white desolation of the Far North which London added to the geography of literature.

The anomaly of his Socialist creed has already been referred to. To one so fascinated by strength, risk, adventure, and the romance of elemental humanity there should have been in theory little appeal in the rigidly scientific demonstrations of the economic forces which shape history in spite of the human will. To one so preoccupied with the masterful qualities in man there should have been little attraction in the egalitarian doctrines of Marxism. But as we have already intimated, Jack London's Socialism was in large measure the vision of a very great adventure. His interest lay less in the theories of Socialism or in their achievement than in the struggle by which they must be put into effect. He was in the habit of signing his letters, "Yours for the Revolution." His sympathies, so far as he took active part in the Socialist movement, were with the militant elements in the movement. He stood with the Industrial Workers of the World, with whom he belonged by temperament and by experience. His forecast of the future dealt with the wars that were to bring about the ideal social state, as in "The Iron Heel." What chance there would be under a perfect reign of justice and established security for the play of the primitive passions, whether the Socialist state would not work for a relaxation of the moral fibre which needs tumult and struggle and adversity to feed upon, he did not stop to contemplate. And this would have been too much to ask of one who was himself, as we have said, more primitive than most of his heroes, and so was not bent upon looking far beyond the immediate impulse.

Jack London is perhaps the best known of American writers abroad. He has been for years a best-seller in Russia and other countries on the Continent. This is due in part to the direct appeal of his story-telling art, but in large part, also, to the fact that foreigners choose to take the primitive strength of his work as typically American. It is very much the same case as with Walt Whitman. The outsider cannot always understand why American literature should ever attempt to engage itself in the subtleties and refinement of the complex and civilized *Homo Europæus*, who presumably does not exist in this country. From this new, rugged, primitive nation they expect a rugged, primitive literature.

European critics are at the opposite pole from Mr. Brownell when they insist that we shall be ourselves. That self they assume must be something fresh, uncritical, untrammelled. The old tradition, so sedulously fostered in Europe, that the tomahawk and the bowie-knife did service on the streets of New York died hard. And whether the belief was erroneous or not, it was a pleasant one to indulge, just as Europeans to this day like to imagine that the breezy American is the typical American. By this standard Jack London has a place in world literature which is denied to much greater American writers. A creative artist he was not. In the long list of his books he has not added a living character to our literature. His concern, for that matter, was not with character, but with action.

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Foreign Correspondence

JAPANESE POLITICS.

By ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

TOKIO, October 20.

The recent political crisis has aroused a great deal of comment and has provoked an unusual amount of criticism. My endeavor here will be to represent Japanese opinion, especially as reflected in the press or expressed by intelligent and well-informed individuals. I may not always quote the *ipsissima verba,* and I shall not take the space to indicate the source of every expression of opinion. I shall attempt only to give a fair résumé of public sentiment in Japan.

In the first place, there seems to be no very clear statement of the real reason why Okuma resigned. He pleaded his advanced age; but "everybody knows that is not the real reason of his resignation, yet nobody seems to know what the true reasons are." It has been suggested that, as he had served for two and a half years, a period above the average age of cabinets for the past twenty-five years, he gave way voluntarily to others. He had enjoyed the honors of the coronation ceremony, and he was willing to let others enjoy those of the coming ceremony of the proclamation of H. I. H. Hirohito as Crown Prince. At any rate, he seems to have contemplated only a slight change in the Cabinet, by merely transferring the Premiership to his logical successor, Viscount Kato. The other Ministers, as a matter of form, presented their resignations at the same time; but they would probably have been retained if Kato had been named Premier.

At this point it may be well to speak of another matter. It has been known for some time that Terauchi was being groomed by the bureaucrats for the position of Premier on a suitable occasion. It is a little difficult, therefore, to understand why, if reports are true, Okuma "flirted" with Terauchi during the summer and tried to persuade him to take the post on strictly constitutional and party lines. It may be that it was merely a move to shelve Terauchi and clear away opposition to Kato.

Another important political move to pave the way for Kato was the attempted amalgamation of the three parties (Doshikai, Chuseikai, and Koyukai) supporting the Okuma Administration. When this seemed to be so far successful as to insure a small majority in the House of Representatives to back up the new Kato Ministry, Okuma submitted his resignation. This was the natural, logical process to pursue under the circumstances, and was expected.

Then, as is often the case, not only in France, but also in Japan, the unexpected happened. The Elder Statesmen, unrecognized as a constitutional factor, but still extremely powerful, promptly squelched the constitutional movement, ignored Okuma's recommendation of Kato as his successor, and themselves recommended Terauchi, whom the Emperor, of course, at once summoned and asked to form a Cabinet. This was practically a "revolution," and showed that Yamagata is the great national "boss," the power, not behind, but before the throne, another Shogun, a strong Mayor of the Palace to a young Emperor.

It is interesting to note that this *coup,* accomplished in unusual haste, apparently to forestall any popular uprising in opposition, is meeting the most severe criticism at the hands of the Japanese press. The *Kokumin Shimbun,* the organ of the Elder Statesmen and the ultra-Imperialists, is the only journal of importance that defends the procedure. The two great Osaka dailies and almost all the Tokio journals (except one or two minor papers) vehemently oppose the new Ministry. Let me quote a few of the expressions used: "The clansmen and bureaucrats may have long been plotting it"; "in utter disregard of constitutional principles"; "we wonder what it was that obliged the Elder Statesmen to resurrect the Count, who is a political back number"; "the Count's administration there [Korea] has been vigorously militaristic"; "the Elder Statesmen are like summer insects flying into the light, only to be burned"; "there will be retribution for the Elder Statesmen." And Terauchi is frequently characterized by such terms as "dictator of Korea"; "despotic"; "autocrat"; "soldier-statesman"; "reactionary"; "clan leader"; "unconstitutional ruler"; "militarist." His administrative ability is, however, acknowledged.

It is only fair to state that the friends of the new Administration contend that a non-partisan national Cabinet is necessary just now in connection with various questions growing out of the Great War. On the other hand, their opponents insist that conditions in Japan are far from being identical with those in England, where a coalition Cabinet is in power.

Whatever may be the effect of this unexpected change, whether the new Administration is a success or not, it is generally held by the Japanese press that it is a "political retrogression," a "constitutional reverse," "a complete reaction."

The interesting question at present is what following Terauchi will have in the Imperial Diet. He may naturally expect considerable support in the House of Peers; but he can scarcely expect much in the House of Representatives, unless some party or large number of members should enter into what one paper calls "an unholy alliance" with the Administration.

There is a disposition in some quarters to criticise Okuma for resigning when he was not absolutely certain that he could put Kato in his place: "Why should a strong Government with a united majority be bundled out of office in the midst of profound political peace?"

It should be kept in mind that a "strict construction" of the Constitution forbids criticism of the recent "revolution." That document merely says very indefinitely that "the respective Ministers of State shall give their advice to the Emperor, and be responsible for it." Ito, in his "Commentaries on the Constitution," is more explicit and states that "Ministers are directly responsible to the Emperor and indirectly so to the people"; that "the power of deciding as to the responsibility of Ministers is withheld from the Diet"; and that "it is the sovereign . . . that can decide as to the responsibility of Ministers."

And yet, very early in the history of Constitutional Imperialism in Japan, the Premiers, even the conservative Yamagata, had to enter into alliance with a political party, usually the one predominant in the lower house. And for the past ten or fifteen years it has been pretty generally acknowledged that the Cabinet should not, and could not, ignore the political parties. During the past decade the emphasis has been put upon the spirit, not the letter, of the Constitution. And in this sudden crisis the opponents of the new Administration appeal to the spirit of true constitutionalism.

One peculiar feature of the new Cabinet has caught the attention of keen observers. While there are several members of the House of Peers in the Cabinet and other important governmental posts, there is not a single member of the House of Representatives in the Ministry. "Hence, a political war may be expected between the two houses during the coming session of the Diet. In other words, it will be a war between the Peers and the people." But it is also suggested by another, such a Ministry may be safer than the "runaway engine" Cabinet of Okuma, who was leading the country into danger.

Some comments by Mr. Inukai, leader of the Kokuminto, are worth reproducing in this connection. He says that, although the new Cabinet has the reputation of being an exponent of "sabre politics," yet Terauchi, being a man "well versed in administrative affairs" and also "extremely cautious" in all that he does, may adopt an "unexpectedly pacific policy by taking the utmost care in the conduct of foreign affairs." But, being a "soldier in origin," he may follow the "military fashion of ordering things in domestic politics." This, however, Mr. Inukai thinks, may "fit in with the situation."

Another interesting point made by Mr. Inukai is expressed in the following words: "The manner of present-day political parties —or some of them—is to carry a battle-flag in the right hand and to hold aloft a white flag in the left. They fight, but also are open to compromises in broad daylight, all depending on offers to come. That is how they are often made to play the game for the bureaucrats." It certainly is true that Japanese statesmen are not inclined to stand out unflinchingly for a principle; they are past masters in the art of compromise.

The attitude of the *Kokumin Shimbun* is that it will reserve its opinion of the new Ministry until the platform and policies are published; that it will be impartial; that the Ministry is not ideal by any means; that its membership is not up to the standard. That paper insists that if a true national ministry was to be formed, Prince Yamagata should have headed it. And the *Kokumin* is one with the *Jiji Shimpo* in considering the new Cabinet an improvement upon the retiring one, which the latter journal accuses of "maladministration."

In the midst of all the discouragement and confusion arising from this reactionary move, it is well not to become two pessimistic. While I have lived in Japan I have often felt discouraged over the apparent failure of some reform movement; but in most cases I have seen success come eventually. I often recall this sentence from the "Life of Sir Harry Parkes," by F. V. Dickins: "There is a silent strength underlying the sound and fury of Japanese politics which will enable the country to weather much worse storms than any that threaten it." This reaction is only temporary.

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Logic of the Election

It is pretty generally acknowledged that the recent Presidential election gave no decisive verdict on any of the specific issues that were more or less definitely before the people in the canvass. One reason for this, no doubt, is the closeness of the contest. The result was determined by a narrow margin in the electoral vote, and would have been reversed by a change of less than 2,000 votes from Wilson to Hughes in the State of California. The margin in the popular vote, though more generous, was yet very moderate, indeed very small in comparison with any of those by which the Republicans carried the country in any of the elections from 1896 until the split that wrecked the party in 1912; and moreover it is by the electoral vote, and not by the popular vote, unless the latter is of extremely impressive character, that a Presidential election must be judged in our system. Thus everybody thinks, and justly thinks, of the election of 1880 as an overwhelming defeat for Hancock, although Garfield's popular plurality over him was only 7,000; while, on the other hand, everybody thinks of the Tilden-Hayes election as a close one, although Tilden's popular plurality was 251,000—equivalent, on the present scale of the voting, to more than half a million.

But the circumstance that the election was close is not the only, not even the principal, reason why intelligent commentators, and indeed people generally, are not inclined to claim for the election the character of a decisive answer upon any specific issue. It is the habit, and on the whole a salutary habit, of the American people to look upon the outcome of the Presidential election as truly significant, without too curious analysis of its composition. Had there been a "paramount" issue, or even a fairly dominant issue, we should all have been inclined to say that the nation had spoken its mind clearly enough in deciding for the man that represented the one or the other side of that question. But everybody recognizes that what with the multiplicity of questions, all of somewhat coördinate moment, and what with the want of clear distinction between the opposing parties on some of the most important of them, it is impossible to extricate the answer to any one of them out of the general tangle.

From this welter of doubt which besets us when we think of specific issues, we emerge, however, as soon as we regard the struggle as one between the two contending forces viewed in a broader, if vaguer, way. After all, what the people were called upon to decide was whether they wanted to entrust the government of the country to Wilson and the Democratic party or to Hughes and the Republican party; and throughout the campaign there were literally millions of voters—or a number, at all events, by common consent far greater than ever before were in such a state of mind—weighing the question from the point of view neither of fixed party attachment nor of a dominant desire for the effecting of a specific purpose, but from that of the general claims of Wilson and the Democratic party on the one hand, and of Hughes and the Republican party on the other, to the confidence of the country. Accordingly, in a deeper sense than is usually the case, the result must be regarded as a vote of preference—a vote of confidence, if you will—for the Administration as against the Opposition. It has been acclaimed as such, and the award is just. And it has been pronounced peculiarly a victory for President Wilson himself, especially because he has everywhere shown himself stronger than his party.

So far, so good. If those who comment on the election were content to stop here, there would be no ground for cavil. But that proneness to magnify success, to read into it all sorts of wide-reaching interpretations, which is so often displayed by our political writers, has perhaps seldom been more conspicuously manifested than on this occasion. We hear on all hands of signs and portents. Wilson has not only been victorious, but has had a wonderful triumph. Our political history has entered upon a new phase. The people have pronounced the final doom of everything that smacks of the "reactionary." To do justice to those who indulge in these rhapsodies, it must be admitted that they base them upon something more than the fact that Wilson won the game, fairly indeed, but by so close a shave that a change of two thousand votes out of a million in California would have given it to his opponent. To draw such grandiose conclusions from so small a source would be manifestly absurd. They point to the winning of States in the Far West which had always been regarded as safely Republican, and to greatly reduced Republican pluralities in the New England States (with an actual plurality of a few score votes for Wilson in New Hampshire); and they call attention to the big increase in Wilson's popular vote over that which he received in 1912. Let us see whether there is in either of these things anything phenomenal, anything that calls for our "special wonder."

As to the first point, perhaps a simple comparison will suffice. In 1892 Cleveland ran for President on his personal merits and on the tariff issue. There were no signs or portents in the air; it was an old-fashioned party fight. Yet Cleveland carried the rock-ribbed Western Republican States of Illinois and Wisconsin, and a change of 500 votes would have given him Ohio. He also carried California and Connecticut, and Harrison's plurality in Rhode Island was only 2,600. Altogether, the States carried by Cleveland in 1892 that went to Hughes in 1916 were Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, West Virginia, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, with an aggregate electoral vote of 112, while the States carried by Harrison in 1892 that went to Wilson in 1916 were New Hampshire, Ohio, Nebraska, Montana, Wyoming, and Washington, with an aggregate electoral vote of only 44. Evidently, not much of a case can be made for the marvellous character of what we have witnessed this year, especially when it is borne in mind that the sentiments springing from the Civil War had a thousand times the force a quarter of a century ago that they have now, and that independence of party ties was at that time incomparably less common.

The other point—the gain in Wilson's popular vote as compared with 1912, a very great gain not only in the aggregate, but in almost every State of the Union—requires closer examination. To start from the election of 1912, and simply compare the division of the vote between Wilson on the one hand and Taft and Roosevelt jointly on the other, with the division between Wilson and Hughes, as so many have done, is a childish proceeding. That three-cornered contest of 1912 presented a wholly novel situation. If it were fair to use that to-day as a basis for comparison, without going behind it or subjecting the situation to any analysis, then it would have been fair to judge the character of Wilson's standing in 1912 after the same fashion. In that event, he would have had to be regarded as a minority President indeed, a minority President with a vengeance; not because he got a much smaller popular vote than Taft-Roosevelt, but because, outside the eleven States of the strictly solid South, the only States he carried against Taft-Roosevelt were Arizona, Kentucky, and Oklahoma, thus cutting an incomparably worse figure in the electoral vote than Bryan did in any one of his three overwhelming defeats. Nobody with a particle of political sense regarded Wilson as starting his Administration, and his prospects of re-election, with such a handicap as that. The Roosevelt vote of 1912 comprised, one need not say a very great number of Democrats, but a very great number of persons who, as between Wilson and Taft, greatly preferred Wilson. These Mr. Wilson did not have to win over, but only to hold.

But it is not only the composition of the vote in the three-cornered contest that has to be taken into account. Still more important is the whole character of the political story of which the campaign of 1912 formed the turning-point. The Democratic party was disastrously torn asunder by the Bryan free-silver crusade in 1896. The Democratic popular plurality of 380,000 in 1892 was turned into a Republican plurality of 600,000 in 1896, 850,000 in 1900, 2,540,000 in 1904, 1,270,000 in 1908, with electoral majorities of correspondingly overwhelming character. But in 1912 there happened to the Republican party a stroke far more startling, far more deeply divisive, than that which smote the Democratic party in 1896. In the electoral college the party almost utterly disappeared; its popular vote was cut in two. That the two parts should become cemented together, at the very next election, as though nothing had happened, nobody could possibly expect; the only question was as to the extent to which the defection would show itself at the end of four years. As was pointed out in the *Nation* at the opening of the recent cam-

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paign, if in every State there were added to Wilson's vote of 1912 20 per cent. of Roosevelt's vote, while Hughes got Taft's vote and 80 per cent. of Roosevelt's, Mr. Wilson would have 272 electoral votes and win. As a matter of fact, he got 276 electoral votes; and while of course these were not in all instances the ones marked out by that calculation, the popular vote as a whole was divided almost precisely according to that ratio. Is there anything abnormal, anything peculiarly impressive, anything of profound moral or political import, in such a showing? Is it not rather just what would happen in any ordinary political conjuncture of this nature? It constituted, indeed, as was said above, a vote of approval for the Administration, a vote which Mr. Wilson may justly regard as a personal tribute; but it was not a tribute of rare or extraordinary character.

And finally, such as it was, nothing is more certain than that he would have failed of obtaining it if the Republican candidate had not made a campaign of a character incredibly inept and impotent. We may be unable to trace the origin of a given set of election results; but there is no difficulty at all in predicting the nature of the effects that are bound to be produced by certain gross and undisputed factors that enter visibly into the contest. As the recent campaign went on, day after day, week after week, the sense of utter disappointment in Mr. Hughes was—with a short break just after the eight-hour affair at Washington—constantly deepened. The man who had been expected to impress himself on the people as a notable character and an impressive campaigner contented himself with bald and monotonous repetition of shopworn platitudes, and of undiscriminating and intemperate criticisms of his opponent. It was only by shutting one's eyes and ears to what he was doing and saying now, and firmly fixing one's mind upon the reputation he had won years ago, that it was possible to think of him as worthy of the Presidency. If you had asked any man, a week before the election, whether he thought Hughes was as strong before the people as he had been when he was nominated, is there any doubt what the answer would have been? Would there have been one man in a hundred who did not know that he had been losing votes by the hundred thousand? This is not matter of conjecture; it is a moral certainty. That Mr. Hughes lost Progressive votes by failing to manifest the sympathy they looked for has been often enough insisted on; but there was a failure far broader than this. Thousands of men who had no sympathy whatever with the Progressives of 1912, and who, moreover, were intensely dissatisfied with Wilson, were literally driven into the Wilson fold by Hughes's speeches. All this we do not in the least learn from the election figures; we knew it before, and do not know it one whit better now. It was not possible to infer from it, before the election, that Hughes would be beaten, because no one knew from what point he had started; it *is* possible to infer from it, after the election turned out so close, that, had he made a campaign such as everybody expected of him, he would have been signally victorious.

Thus it appears that Mr. Wilson, while fully entitled to the credit of victory, has won his reëlection by a majority not in any way or in any aspect phenomenal; and that he would certainly have failed to win it at all if his opponent had come anywhere near to fulfilling the expectations confidently entertained of him when he was nominated. Nor is it to be regarded as useless, or wantonly ungracious, to set this forth. For it is quite possible that false notions on this subject may do serious mischief. If the election be regarded as a wonderful triumph for everything that can label itself "progressive"—which it was not—it may be used as a means of pushing through Congress foolish or dangerous schemes, supposed to have received in advance the "sanction of society." And if it be regarded as a manifestation of extraordinary trust and confidence in Mr. Wilson—which it likewise was not—it may be used as a means of marshalling the people "behind the President" in any policy he may feel moved to adopt, irrespective of its merits. There are ticklish times before the nation in more matters than one, and it behooves us all to keep our heads level—a process difficult enough at best, and certainly not made easier by filling them with false notions of what has already happened.

SCRUTATOR.

Notes from the Capital

ADMIRAL C. H. DAVIS.

What science did for the poet Goethe, electricity for the portrait-painter Morse, and "simplified" spelling for the ironmaster Carnegie, color-box and brush have done for Charles Henry Davis, retired Rear-Admiral of the United States navy—afforded him a change of thought and occupation when his round of daily duties grew monotonous. In our Corcoran Gallery lately he had an exhibition of his water-color sketches. The idea of "an elderly naval man" devoting his spare hours to this sort of work strikes many persons as whimsical, particularly as a majority of his subjects are odds and ends of landscape, eminently dry and preëminently peaceful. In the recent show at least half the scenes depicted lay in Jamestown, R. I., near his summer cottage. There were also a few bits picked up in the streets and yards of Washington, and a still smaller number dealt with the ocean and its shipping. The pictures in the latter category were full of psychological suggestion, for we usually conceive of a confirmed sea-dog as having a mind overflowing with the poetry of his lifelong environment, and capable of interpreting it to landsmen, whereas Admiral Davis appears to have drawn upon his most practical and prosaic store of knowledge for his inspiration. His ships might have been the designs of a naval constructor, drafted absolutely to scale, tipped at prescribed angles to the horizontal, and colored with an eye single to exact reproduction, while the waves on which they ride might as well have been made of wood and the overhanging skies of scrag fir. Here, doubtless, is where the Admiral's professional training in accuracy came into play: he could allow himself a little latitude with trees and flowers, sand-dunes and marshes, but his war-vessels must be just so long and just so broad, and painted in just such a way above the water line, and have just so many guns protruding in just such directions from portholes of just such size and set just so many feet apart, and their surroundings must be as solid as themselves.

Though Admiral Davis has never figured conspicuously as a hero of history, he has several claims to distinction. He is a brother-in-law of Henry Cabot Lodge; he was the personal representative of President Cleveland in the official escort which took charge of the Infanta Eulalia of Spain on her tour of our country in 1893, and seized the opportunity to read the people of sundry neighborhoods a pretty sharp lecture on the deadly sin of toadyism, which did not increase his popularity among the offenders; and, for his last public appearance before retirement, he was the centre of an international incident which aroused much feeling in England and America while it lasted, and put to a test the good nature of both countries.

About the middle of January, 1907, the city of Kingston, Jamaica, was visited by an earthquake which killed several hundred men and women, and was followed by a fire that destroyed the entire business centre of the city. Not a British ship was anywhere within reaching distance; but Rear-Admiral Evans, in command of our North Atlantic squadron, was off the coast of Cuba a hundred miles or so away. The instant the news reached him he detached two men-of-war and sent them to Jamaica in charge of Davis, in the hope of being of service there. President Roosevelt was equally prompt to act, ordering two naval supply ships to the scene of the disaster. Jamaica then had for its Governor one Alexander Swettenham, a man of some executive experience in the British colonies, but by nature a queer stick. He sent a hasty message to Davis, requesting that the customary salute be omitted, lest the ignorant blacks on the island might mistake the roar of the guns for another earthquake and be panic-stricken. Davis issued the order, but it failed to reach one ship in time to prevent her firing. This seems to have greatly irritated Swettenham, and, without waiting for any explanation of it, he assumed a porcupine-like attitude of hostility.

Davis wrote to the Governor, saying that his American seamen, surgeons, and medical supplies were at hand to be of use in any way they could, to relieve suffering or to protect the property of citizens from looting. It was a most kindly offer, but it drew from Swettenham a letter which for downright boorishness, thinly veneered with the phraseology of diplomatic correspondence, probably stands unique in the records of international intercourse. It not only rejected scornfully the proffers of help, but directed the Admiral to withdraw men whom he had already landed on the invitation of another official. It left Davis no option but to withdraw, which he did at once and sailed back to his station.

The intelligent inhabitants of Kingston were as indignant as the American officers. They condemned Swettenham's arrogance in unmeasured terms. In England the press, with substantial unanimity, opened fire upon

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his bad manners, while apologies were sent over his head from Downing Street to Washington, where they were accepted by the President in the spirit in which they were tendered, and the incident was declared closed.

From his appearance, Davis would sooner be taken for a student than for a man trained to arms. His bald head, his long Roman nose, and his strongly New Englandish cast of countenance would be more appropriately projected against the background of a Harvard classroom than of a man-of-war's deck. A study of his face makes his dabbling in art seem less astonishing. TATTLER.

Rabindranath Tagore

By PAUL E. MORE.

People who know that I have made some study of the ancient books of India sometimes ask me how much of their spirit is to be found in the prose-poems and plays of Rabindranath Tagore. Others, made distrustful of their own judgment by the international cult of this modern Hindu and by his reception of the Nobel Prize, ask me with bated breath whether I really find him the profound saviour of society his enthusiasts proclaim him to be.

To the first of these questions, at least, I can give a very definite answer. Whatever Tagore may be, and whencesoever he draws his inspiration, he is in essence everything that ancient India, philosophically and religiously, was not. I do not mean, of course, that one cannot find echoes of the older poets in his imagery and language, or that superficially there may not be resemblances in their way and his way of representing nature and the life of men. It may even be possible to point out isolated parallels of a more substantial sort. But at heart, in its inner meaning, the world of Tagore is as far from that of his ancestors as if he had been born under the sky of contemporary France or England. His very imitations of that remote past are a sly betrayal of its spirit. I do not see how any one who has really read himself into Sanskrit literature can fail to be impressed by this difference; it even can be shown, I think, by placing several of Tagore's more characteristic prose-poems by the side of a few extracts from the older literature. Take, for example, these pieces from his earliest and latest collections,* which will serve the double purpose of providing material for comparison and of exhibiting him in his best vein to those not already familiar with his work:

FRUIT-GATHERING, LXXI.

O the waves, the sky-devouring waves, glistening with light, dancing with life, the waves of eddying joy, rushing for ever. The stars rock upon them, thoughts of every tint are cast up out of the deep and scattered on the beach of life. Birth and death rise and fall with their rhythm, and the sea-gull of my heart spreads its wings crying in delight.

GITANJALI, LXXIII.

Deliverance is not for me in renunciation. I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight. Thou ever pourest for me the fresh draught of thy wine of various colors and fragrance, filling this earthen vessel to the brim. My world will light its hundred different lamps with thy flame and place them before the altar of thy temple. No, I will never shut the doors of my senses. The delights of sight and hearing and touch will bear thy delight. Yes, all my illusions will burn into illumination of joy, and all my desires ripen into fruits of love.

GITANJALI, XLIV.

This is my delight, thus to wait and watch at the wayside where shadow chases light and the rain comes in the wake of the summer. Messengers, with tidings from unknown skies, greet me and speed along the way. My heart is glad within, and the breath of the passing breeze is sweet. From dawn till dusk I sit here before my door, and I know that of a sudden the happy moment will arrive when I shall see. In the meanwhile I smile and I sing all alone. In the meanwhile the air is filling with the perfume of promise.

FRUIT-GATHERING, LXXXV.

My Master has bid me while I stand at the roadside, to sing the song of Defeat, for that is the bride whom He woos in secret. . . . She is silent with her eyes down-cast; she has left her home behind her, from her home has come that wailing in the wind. But the stars are singing the love-song of the eternal to a face sweet with shame and suffering.

GITANJALI, XI.

Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee! He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil! . . .

It might be possible to quote prose-poems of Tagore's which would strike the reader as more vivid than these in their imagery, but none, I think, which would express more finely what the adepts would call his "mission," or which would add anything essential to the round of ideas in these five selections. Now, how do these ideas stand when tested by the ancient thought of India? To answer that question we need only look for a moment at a poem which is easily accessible in translations, and which, if I may be pardoned the reference, I have myself treated at some length in an essay*—the Bhagavadgîtâ. The theme of that poem is the exhortation of the god Krishna to a prince who suddenly, in the presence of two armies drawn up for battle, is filled with dismay at the thought of the carnage to ensue and with dejection over the tangled problem of human duty. The drift of the god's admonition can be gathered, though inadequately, of course, from these few scattered couplets:

Thou art grieved for those that need no grief, yet speakest thou words of wisdom;
They that know grieved not for the dead or the living.

He who reckoneth it the slayer,
And he who deemeth it the slain,
They both distinguish ill;
This slayeth not, and it is not slain.

As a man putteth off his outworn garments,
And taketh other new ones,
So the Indweller putteth off these outworn bodies,
And entereth into other new ones.

Moreover regarding thy native right thou oughest not to waver,
Since for one born a warrior there is no better thing than a righteous battle.

Accounting equal pleasure and pain, gain and loss, victory and defeat,
Gird up thyself for the battle. So thou shalt not incur guilt.

Thy service is in the work only, but in the fruits thereof never;
Be not impelled by the reward of works, neither be attached to do no work.

If a man ponder things of the senses, attachment ariseth unto these;
And from attachment is born desire, and from desire springeth contention.

Whosoever restraineth outwardly his members,
Yet continueth within his heart to meditate
The things of the senses as one self-deluded,
He is called hypocrite.

To complete the comparison, let me add three little epigrammatic poems, the thought of which I have tried to transfer to English verse:

Rather, this World forever as a wheel
Itself revolveth: sure, no guilty hand
Propelled it, nor shall any bid it stand,
Nor any wit a primal cause reveal.

And thou, my Soul, the same unlaureled race
Art dragging on through weary change of form;
Nay, if to-day thou murmur in the storm,
Blame yesterday and choose to-morrow's place.

Like as a dancing-girl to sound of lyres
Delights the king and wakens sweet desires
For one brief hour, and having shown her art
With lingering bow behind the scene retires:

So o'er the Soul alluring Nature vaunts
Her lyric spell, and all her beauty flaunts;
And she, too, in her time withdrawing leaves
The Watcher to his peace—'tis all she wants.

*The Macmillan Company has published a number of Tagore's works, in translations mostly from his own hand. The two latest volumes are "Fruit-Gathering" and "The Hungry Stones and Other Stories." I may say here that the former of these is not much more than a weakened repetition of his "Gitanjali." His "Stories" are to me, on the whole, the most interesting of his writings. The necessity of telling something gives them the resemblance of a backbone.

*In the sixth volume of my "Shelburne Essays."

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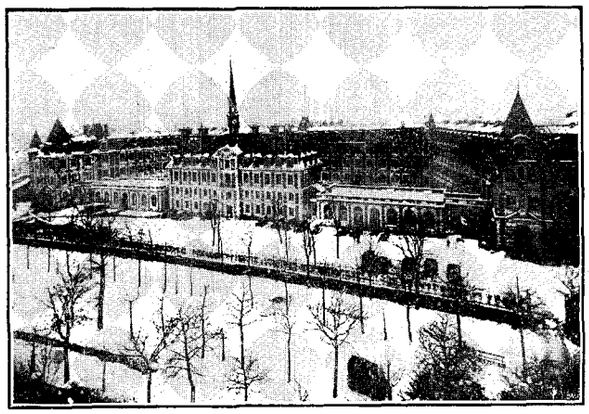
Real Americanism—Exhibit A

THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE HOSPITAL in PARIS (Neuilly)

Built for a school—Lycee Pasteur—but never used for any purpose but to show the French how much sympathy America has for the wounded and what American medical skill and nursing can do.

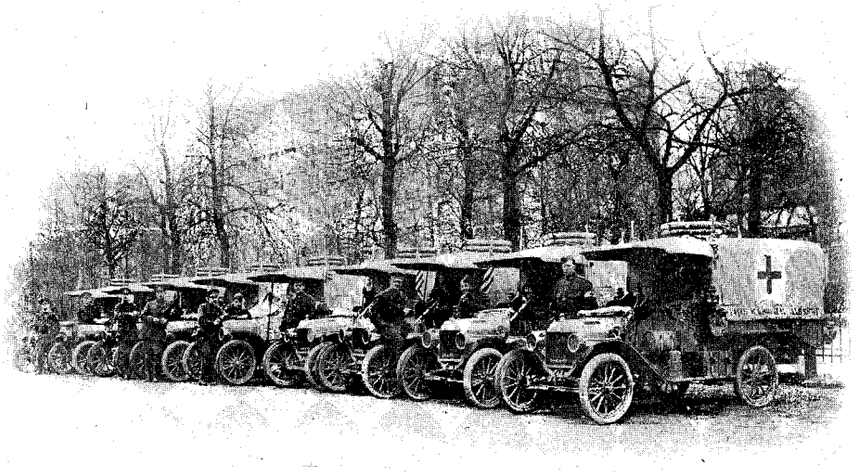


Opened September 6th, 1914, and continuously operated ever since—American doctors and American financial support

It is not a hastily constructed military hospital at the front but a place for careful treatment, restoration, and rebuilding of war wrecks, with a view to their taking their place in society.

In the main hospital at Neuilly there are places for 575 wounded and nearly every bed is occupied. In addition about 900 patients who have been treated at the American Ambulance and who still require surgical and medical attention are placed in auxiliary or out-hospitals nearby and are regularly visited by members of the staff of the American Ambulance. Through the generosity of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney there has been established a branch hospital at Juilly, about twenty-five miles from Paris, which is known as Hospital "B," where about 200 patients are cared for. There are, therefore, about 1600 wounded who are daily under the direct care of the American Ambulance.

The men and women who are performing this service are volunteers. The surgeons, doctors, dentists and auxiliaries give their services gratuitously. The trained nurses, most of whom come from America, and who are carefully chosen from the best qualified of their profession, receive a nominal salary of about $35.00 a month, which is about one-fourth of the salary they usually receive in the United States, so that their service involves a proportionate personal sacrifice. There are about eighty trained nurses and about seventy auxiliaries.



Ambulances of the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris Awaiting the Call

"The United States of America has not forgotten that the first page of the history of their independence was written with a little of the blood of the French."—*Joffre.*

AMERICAN AMBULANCE HOSPITAL, 14 Wall Street, New York

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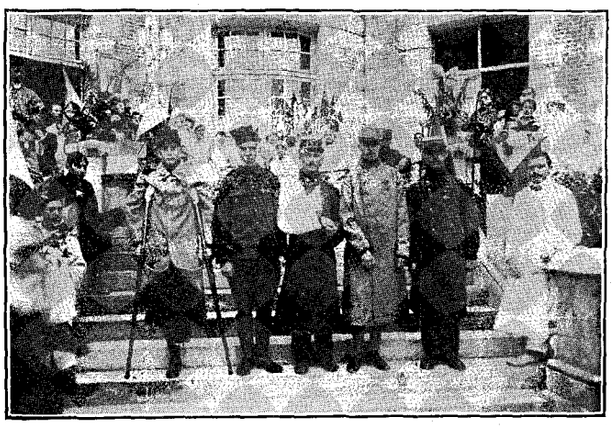
The Ambulance Hospital has become famous for the high quality of its work and its ability to adjust itself to the many new problems which arise. For the many new inventions in fighting machines are reflected in the novel and terrible wounds inflicted. The staff has been constantly called upon to invent new apparatus for the support of wounded legs and arms, or parts of legs and arms, so that the patient may be brought to the point of maximum efficiency when he is restored to his country and family.

As the soldier to the left is depicted in the act of receiving his Croix de Guerre for valiant conduct in the field it seems reasonable to suppose that both he and his country will be grateful to the agency which brought him back to usefulness.

And here is a convalescent able to receive a visit from his wife and mother. One knows they are grateful and appreciative and if they examine the bed closely they may perchance be able to find out what city, school or individual furnished and endowed the bed upon which the patient lies.

THE HOSPITAL EXPENSE IS IN EXCESS OF $1000 per day and it needs contributions all the time.

$6000 will support a ward for a year.
$600 will support a bed for a year.
$37.50 will pay a nurse for a month.



A graduating class from the Americanized Lycee Pasteur.

AMERICAN AMBULANCE HOSPITAL, 14 Wall Street, New York

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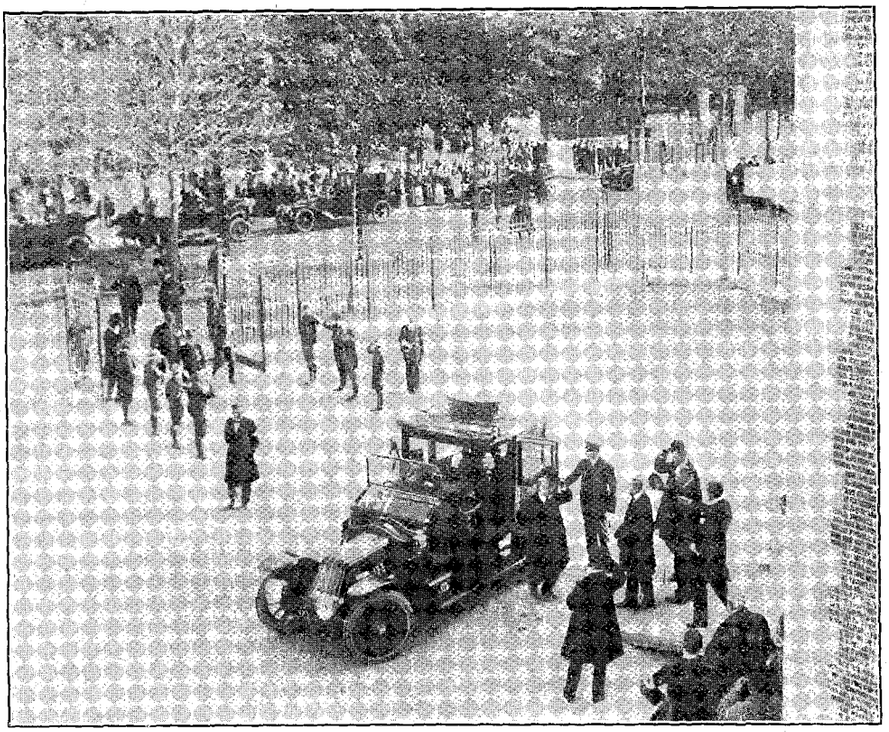
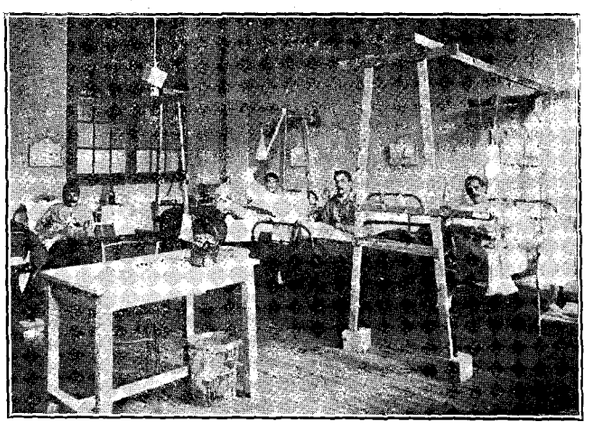
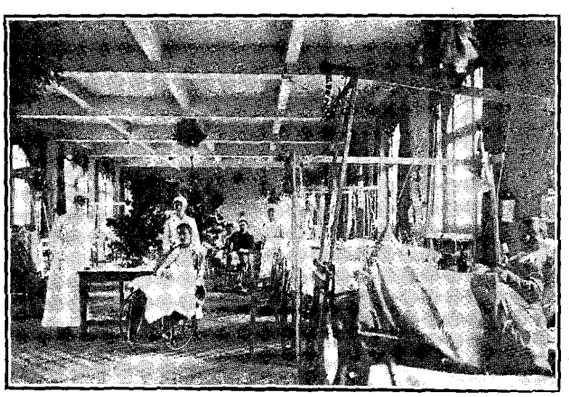


Visit of President Poincaré to the Hospital





Will You Share in the Repayment of America's Debt to France?

AMERICAN AMBULANCE HOSPITAL, 14 Wall Street, New York

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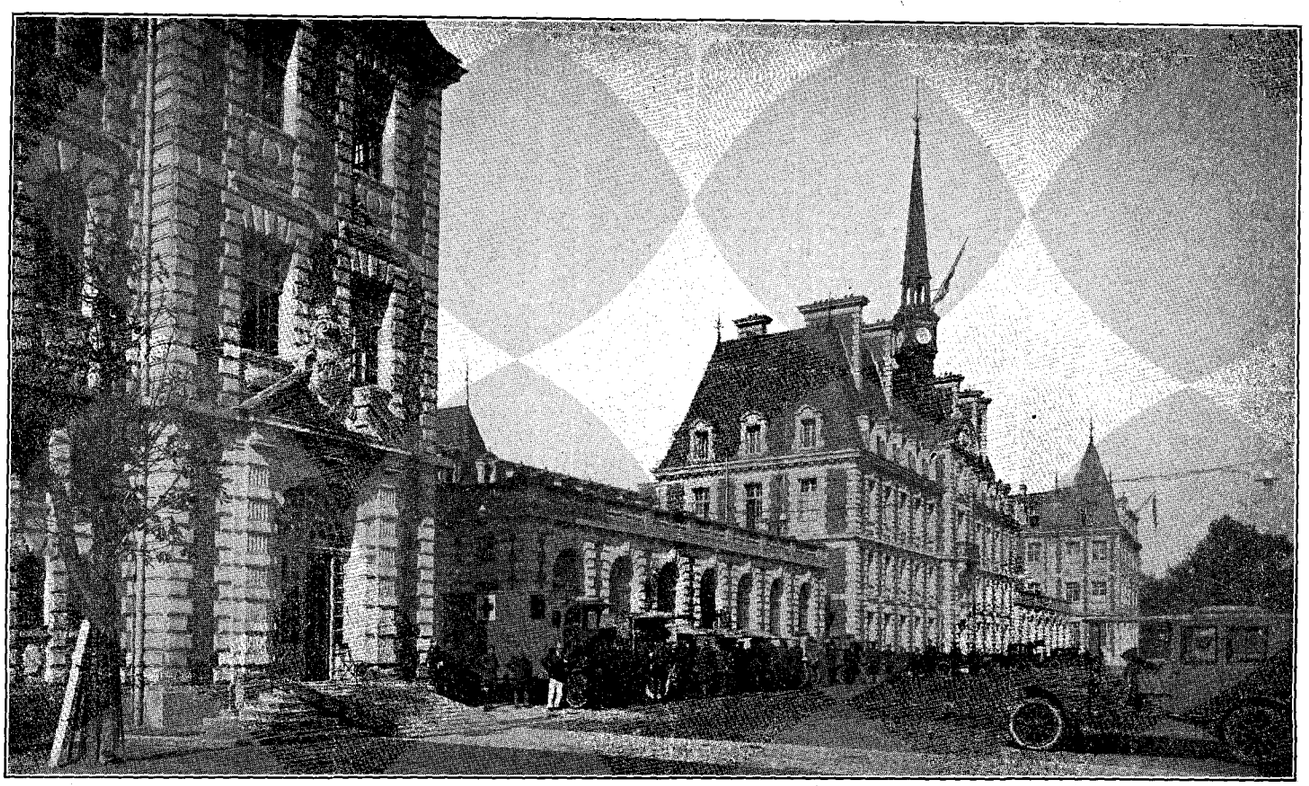

The Way Wounded Were Carried Over the Mountain Passes in Alsace
Before the American Ambulances Arrived

AMERICAN AMBULANCE HOSPITAL
14 Wall Street, New York City

Enclosed find $.....for the American Ambulance. I wish the same to be used

.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

Make Checks payable to J. P. Morgan & Co.

Every cent of every dollar goes to the Hospital. No part of any contribution is used to pay expenses of printing, postage, advertising, salaries or anything but Hospital expense.

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The seer enlightened lays apart
Follies that dizzy the child heart,
And upward turns his steps to climb
The terraced heights of Wisdom. There sublime

He stands, and unperturbed looks down
Upon the far-off swarming town,
Sees the bent farmers till the soil
Like burrowing ants, and wonders at their toil.

The length of these quotations will be excused, for they tell more of the absolute contrast between the old and the new than I could say in columns of comment. In place of Tagore's delight in the waves of change, the alternations of birth and death, there was in the heart of the ancient Hindu a yearning to escape into a region of unchanging peace. In place of the dreaming dissolution into Nature and of waiting for her "perfume of promise," there was a distrust of the world's visible beauty as of a snare for the soul. In place of surrender to the lulling charm of illusion there was a temper of austere renunciation. In place of the humanitarian religion of sympathy, which is at bottom nothing more than the *pis aller* of a soul that has sought for spiritual things and failed to find them through inability to climb the heights, there was the ambition of the seer to transcend the world. And, above all, in place of this effeminate feeling of defeat, this pacifistic waiting by the roadside and puddling in sentiment, there was a manly call to battle in the everlasting fight of life, and a command to perform the duties laid upon us by the law of being, as duties and with no thought of reward. Even those seers who, as belonging to another caste, were not called to battle but to mystic contemplation, made their life of solitary retirement a strenuous, sometimes a fierce, discipline of the will.

No; Tagore is nice and he is pretty, but he has no more relation, in essential matters, to the great and grave faith of old than has M. Maeterlinck or Fiona Macleod or Mr. W. B. Yeats or any other of the nice and pretty writers who have been filling our Western world with a saccharine imitation of mysticism. It is, in fact, most significant that Tagore's first volume was introduced to us with a preface by Mr. Yeats. These poems are dear to that haunter of a paradise of bloodless houris because, as he says, "lovers, while they await one another, shall find, in murmuring them, this love of God a magic gulf wherein their own more bitter passion may bathe and renew its youth"; Tagore is precious because he "has been content to discover the soul and surrender himself to its spontaneity." But the commendations of Mr. Yeats were scarcely needed to point to the real affinity of these bubbles from the Orient. They are, in fact, no more than a part of the belated and, since the war, generally reprobated wave of neo-Romanticism which has been seeking for inspiration in the spontaneity of vague yearnings, for truth in the glamour of illusions, for strength in the repudiation of discipline, for the dust of victory in the perfume of promise, for duty in a costless sympathy, for religious charity in a denial of man's responsibility, for spirituality in pretended innocence, for God in the self-indulgence of sentiment.

I find that in answering the first question I have virtually answered the second also. I would not, however, be supposed, in drawing the contrast between the old and the new spirit of India, to be offering the doctrine and discipline of the Rishis as something that our world needs to take into its life. There is much in that ancient literature of which I cannot at all approve, and I believe that we have better and safer guides nearer home. Neither would I be supposed to be callous to the many graces and the occasional glints of insight in Mr. Tagore's writings. I can at the proper season enjoy his niceness of phrase and wander at ease in his garden of fragile flowers. But a protest is due against taking this effeminate Romanticist with solemn seriousness as the bearer of a religious message in these deeply troubled times. "Mr. Tagore," to cite his Celtic sponsor again, "has as little thought of sin as a child playing with a top. His poems have stirred my blood as nothing has for years." Mr. Yeats speaks by the card, and those who, like him, feel their blood stirred by this sort of spiritual pap—why, let them congratulate themselves for their supersensitiveness. As for me, if any one cares for my opinion, in these days when the devil is unchained, I look to get what consolation and hope I can from philosophers who at least have the advantage of being virile.

Some Outstanding Novels of the Year

By H. W. BOYNTON.

The discouraging thing about a survey of recent British and American fiction,* at any particular moment, has been the recognition of the relative inferiority of our domestic output, in point of sincerity and force as well as of workmanship. We have many clever entertainers, but they keep mainly to the short story, or carry over the methods of the short story into the long. We have a number of earnest writers, like Mr. Winston Churchill, who do their best to elevate and instruct us. But we have few novels, indeed, which unconstrainedly utter ourselves as we are: give, without self-consciousness, the true flavor and atmosphere which we, as Americans, are tasting and breathing every day of our lives. They give us enough and to spare of New Englandism and New Yorkism and provincialism under divers labels, but far too little of the Americanism we all have in common. "Huckleberry Finn" had it, and "Silas Lapham," and there are a number of stories of the present season which undeniably have it, in however varying degrees.

In "The Leatherwood God" Mr. Howells brings to life a strange episode from the frontier of the thirties. The story is based upon the earlier narrative of an Ohio chronicler; but Mr. Howells himself grew up in the tradition of Dylks and his "Little Flock," and has always had it in mind as material for fiction. The episode itself is of universal interest; there are Dylkses in all places and ages; but the setting, the atmosphere, and in a sense the meaning of the picture are American, are of ourselves. This quality one feels strongly also in "A Country Chronicle." It is not so much a story as a group of sketches from memory. But Professor Showerman's remembrance of boyhood in the eighties has a veritably creative quality; it is not the less faithful for its touch of glamour. There is real characterization here, and, if the surface action is slight, one feels beneath it a deeper stream, a national current flowing onward to its destiny. It is a vivid and sincere interpretation of American life as it was embodied in a little Middle-Western village community, a generation ago. Already there was the problem of the melting-pot, Germans and Polacks bringing their different standards and customs to be dealt with. "Our Natupski Neighbors" shows the problem being worked out under somewhat similar conditions in our own day. Here, again, we have to do with a village farming community. But Mr. Showerman's was a thrifty, hard-working, child-bearing community, retaining much of the pioneer spirit. "West Holly," on the other hand, is a gone-to-seed New England village of to-day, still mainly in the hands of its old families, but precariously held, by reason of shiftless farming, excessive mortgages, and general slackness and indifference. Hither come the Natupskis, a family of Polish peasants, utterly ignorant, utterly aliens, yet furnished with the energy, the breeding powers, and the appalling thrift of all pioneers. In the end West Holly takes as many lessons from them as it gives. It is a book of extravagant humor dealing with a very real substance. The

**The Leatherwood God.* By William Dean Howells. Century.
A Country Chronicle. By Grant Showerman. Century.
Our Natupski Neighbors. By Edith Miniter. Holt.
Witte Arrives. By Elias Tobekin. Stokes.
Windy McPherson's Son. By Sherwood Anderson. Lane.
Casuals of the Sea. By William McFee. Doubleday, Page.
Fondie. By Edward C. Booth. Appleton.
The Trufflers. By Samuel Merwin. Bobbs-Merrill.
The Rising Tide. By Margaret Deland. Harper.
The Lion's Share. By Arnold Bennett. Doran.
Love and Lucy. By Maurice Hewlett. Dodd, Mead.
Hatchways. By Ethel Sidgwick. Small, Maynard.
Watermeads. By Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead.
Lady Connie. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Hearst International Library Co.
The Romance of the Martin Connor. By Oswald Kendall. Houghton Mifflin.
Filling His Own Shoes. By Henry C. Rowland. Houghton Mifflin.
Rainbow's End. By Rex Beach. Harper.
The Leopard Woman. By Stewart E. White. Doubleday, Page.
The Green Alleys. By Eden Phillpotts. Macmillan.
The Dark Forest. By Hugh Walpole. Doran.
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. By H. G. Wells. Macmillan.

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"Witte Arrives" of Elias Tobekin is a concrete and sober handling of the same problem.

Still another "first novel," and perhaps the most remarkable of the year, is "Windy McPherson's Son," by Sherwood Anderson. Windy McPherson is the leading drunkard and braggart in a small Iowa town. His son is ambitious and industrious: this is the story of the younger McPherson's search for success. He seems to attain it with the acquisition of wealth and power, with marriage to an exceptional woman. But the *time comes* when he feels that all this is not enough, that he has not even aimed for the true goal; and so he goes upon a vague quest, groping here and there for some key to the meaning of human life. He stumbles upon it at last—the ancient and always elusive key of disinterested love and service. The theme of the story is, it will be seen, one of the oldest in the world, but it receives here a fresh and true American embodiment. The same theme is less determinately handled in two recent English novels by virtually new writers. Mr. McFee's "Casuals of the Sea" remain casuals even when he is done with them, homeless wanderers, *wistfully seeking spiritual foothold* in a universe which may or may not possess somewhere a pivot or a goal—probably not. Mr. Booth's "Fondie" is another inconclusive study of the human mystery. It compasses two astonishing feats of characterization and negligently declines to make any comment upon the product. Fondie's self-distrust and self-denial, Blanche's eager and ill-fated search for happiness—what do either of these things mean or amount to? The author will not commit himself: here are your facts, he seems to say, make what you can of them: they beat me!

Poor Blanche is really slain by the strong and primitive and not unwholesome urge of her sex. How that urge is to be dealt with, how suppressed or pampered, or fulfilled—this, of course, is the great theme for the story-tellers of any season. "The Trufflers" of Samuel Merwin deals amusingly with a current variation. Here (upon the stage of Greenwich Village Bohemia) is a good-humored satire upon those youngish persons of both sexes who, waving the banner of feminism or of some other convenient philosophy, try to escape the responsibilities of sex, and achieve no better relation to society than that of a feeble and unhappy parasitism. It is excellent comedy—and a plea for honest mating. So also, needless to say, is "The Rising Tide." As her title indicates, Mrs. Deland looks upon the feminist movement as something to be met, not denied. Her heroine is absurd but real, with aims and claims for women which are extravagant and yet not altogether idle. It is perhaps not by accident that Mrs. Deland builds a "Freddy" earnest and not unlovable but totally without humor. Feminism engages Mr. Bennett in "The Lion's Share," but fails to depress him. Rosamund, the staving suffragist leader, does not, after all, get possession of pretty Audrey. For Audrey, as the wise Madame Piriac discerns, is of the other type—the woman who understands and preserves, who lives for the sake of some man: "If there is anything on earth worth keeping," says Madame Piriac, "women must keep it. And the tradition will be lost if every woman listens to Madame Rosamund." This, also, is a book of comedy, in Mr. Bennett's most amusing style, and with a sound kernel of sense such as genuine comedy must have. His Audrey, like Mr. Hewlett's Lucy ("Love and Lucy") is a woman who needs to be loved and who means to be loved. But in Lucy's world, though it is a world of to-day, feminism does not so much as exist. Here, again, as in Miss Sidgwick's "Hatchways," we are upon the plane of romantic comedy. There are certain points of resemblance between these two tales. In each we have a pretty and charming and loveworthy married creature suffering from the apparent indifference or inaccessibility of a wooden husband. And in each the husband is presently vindicated by the revelation of knightly and romantic qualities. "Love and Lucy" is quite the most successful thing Mr. Hewlett has achieved in a modern setting. Nor has Miss Sidgwick's equally delicate and elaborate method produced anything more characteristic than "Hatchways." What interests her, as usual, is an intimate family and neighborhood group, with its inner and outer circles, its minute adjustments, and its passion of inclusiveness as well as of exclusiveness. That true dowager, the Duchess; the young Duke; Lord Iveagh, his brother, whose fate so trembles in the balance; du Frettay; above all, Ernestine, the peace-bringer and cherisher of souls: there is no more distinguished group in any of Miss Sidgwick's polite canvases. Character is much to her, but always character as determined or tinctured by birth and breeding. Her fancy moves upon the plane of "county" aristocracy, and upwards. But it is notable that property is hardly, for her, as a mainspring of action. Her Duke is poor enough, as dukes go, but we get none of the particulars. Young Bess's pennilessness is barely recognized as regrettable in a wife for Lord Iveagh. This is very different from the old-school attitude, the Trollopean attitude, which is so perfectly conserved, with other Trollopean traits, in the work of Mr. Archibald Marshall. The title of "Watermeads" is, like that of "Hatchways," the title of a country estate. The owner of Watermeads is impoverished, but it is understood that the place, the estate, in a sense possesses the family. The Conways think little enough of money, except as a thing that necessarily goes with property in the large sense. But much of it is necessary, and if it is not to be had, it must be thought of and talked of, and manœuvred for, by way of marriage and otherwise. Mr. Marshall has told another pleasant tale from this very British and, perhaps, somewhat antiquated point of view.

"Lady Connie" is, of course, in this same general field of select persons. Mrs. Ward avoids some current awkwardnesses for the romance by going back frankly to the relatively comfortable period of the eighties. And she chooses to attack no problem, unless it be the deathless problem of youthful love and its consummation. Lady Connie is a typical Mrs. Humphry Ward heroine, lovely, intense, and singularly deficient in humor. The hero, to tell the truth, is rather excessively athletic, Greek god-like, dare-devilish, Byronic, and generally overpowering to the ladies, to hit a man-reader very hard. We have met him so often before.

It may be noted that almost all of the novels we have named are romantic, or strongly tinged with romantic color. Three or four American romances of adventure have appeared recently which are so far better than their kind as to deserve mention in a list which is trying to include the best of the season. "The Romance of the Martin Connor," by Oswald Kendall, is an admirably written and quite sufficiently plausible tale of adventure up the Amazon, with the incidental upshot of a few millions in gold. "Filling His Own Shoes," by Henry C. Rowland, displays a young American shoe salesman, after suitable adventures, getting his millions as heir of a Turkish pasha; and "Rainbow's End," by Rex Beach, shows another young American (his name is O'Lear, to be sure) faring hardly during the Weyler days of the Cuban revolution, but duly winning a Cuban heiress and pots of gold with her. With these also should be placed "The Leopard Woman," by Stewart Edward White, a yarn of adventure in Africa at the breaking out of the present European war.

Fiction thus far has used the war chiefly in this way, as a handle or a pivot for romantic action. Often the outcome has been affected by the war, as in "The Green Alleys," by Mr. Phillpotts, in which the natural Phillpottsian dénouement seems almost violently denied by the *releasing spirit of* the all-demanding conflict.

But during this year the war has produced two books of remarkable and intrinsic merit. "The Dark Forest," by Hugh Walpole, for the first time embodied the war in a work of true literary art. In this story the war is not made copy of, it exists, as the scene and background and atmosphere of a poignantly simple human action. It visualizes and interprets not war, but life as it must be lived even in war, as it must and will "carry on" alongside war, in spite of all that war can do. "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" achieves much the same thing, but in a different way. The objective simplicity of Mr. Walpole's method is quite beyond, or beside, Mr. Wells. But by quite frankly taking himself, his experiences, his emotions, and reactions for his theme, he has produced an extraordinarily sincere and vivid impression of what, day by day, as men have set sail and bulletins have come in, the war has done to England and for England. Mr. Britling gradually undergoes a sort of change of heart, and we take it that the note of rich faith upon which his voice ceases has rung in the consciousness of his creator.

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Verner von Heidenstam

WINNER OF THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE FOR 1916.

By CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

When the news came over the cable a few days ago that the Nobel Prize for Literature had been awarded to Verner von Heidenstam, a Swedish poet, many may have been persuaded that patriotism had got the better of impartiality in the minds of the judges. One answer to these suspicions is a glance at the list of Nobel prize winners in the past: Prudhomme, Mommsen, Björnson, Mistral and Echegaray (prize divided), Sienkiewicz, Carducci, Kipling, Eucken, Lagerlöf, Heyse, Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Anatole France, and Tagore. No one can say that this is not a carefully chosen list, divided impartially among the literatures of Europe and even representing the renaissance of Asia. If Selma Lagerlöf is one of the names less known in this country, it is a name much beloved on the Continent of Europe and rapidly becoming popular among readers of English. But a good answer to any charge of favoritism lies in the eminent talent of Heidenstam. It is safe to say that any committee with the claims of Swedish literature in mind would have counted Heidenstam among the leading candidates for the honor he has just received.

Verner von Heidenstam was born as far back as 1859. A member of a noble family, he received the best of intensive educations both at home and in travel. He realized the dream of nearly all Northern poets and spent a long period in the Orient and in Italy. The result was his first volume, "Pilgrimage and Wanderyears," which a native critic pronounces to be "one of the most brilliant débuts in Swedish poetry." He followed this by a novel of similar import, "Hans Alienus," which consists of pilgrimages after beauty in many ages and lands. But as in this novel the hero finally returns to Sweden, so its author returned and began to devote himself to the scenes of his native land. His second volume of verse, "Poems," published in 1895, was deservedly more popular than the first. Again he continued in a novel the mood initiated in lyric poetry, his "The Carolines" being a vivid description of the war between Charles XII and Peter the Great. Other novels and historical sketches followed, which, according to Mr. Edmund Gosse, entitle their author to rank "as a prose-writer whose monumental simplicity and classic beauty of style leave him without a rival among his contemporaries." A third, very characteristic, volume of lyrics appeared in 1915.

Heidenstam was the leader of a reaction against the unmitigated realism of Strindberg, which was dominant at the time he began to write. In this he was ably seconded by Oscar Levertin (1862-1906), a mystical poet, novelist, and essayist of Jewish descent. Both were enamoured of the beauty of the remote, and both had a strongly personal lyric bent; but though Levertin was the smoother stylist, the influence of Heidenstam has proved to be the more marked and enduring. A more powerful spirit than either appeared about the same time in the person of Gustaf Fröding. All three of these poets were inspired to renew the tradition begun by Count Karl Snoilsky, who had come out as an epicurean lover of Italian beauty in 1869. His return from social exile to his native country in 1890, just at the time of the new reaction, was not without significance. After this date, however, Snoilsky's poetry became imbued with a more national spirit, just as was later that of Heidenstam.

I shall omit from this article any attempt to decide whether it is in his prose or in his verse that the fame of Heidenstam chiefly lies. That he is an important and popular poet there can be no doubt. Last summer a leading Stockholm newspaper requested its readers to send in the titles of their favorite poems to assist the present writer in selecting an anthology for translation into English. The result was, as expected, that Fröding came out well at the head of the list. After him, however, followed a tie between Heidenstam and Erik Axel Karlfeldt, another living poet. To be placed next to Fröding in Swedish poetry is a popular tribute of which any one might be proud, and it is no disparagement to Heidenstam's talent that he is tied with Karlfeldt, a poet of splendid vigor and one who usually makes a much wider appeal.

At first thought it is surprising that Heidenstam's poetry is popular at all. His subjects are frequently exotic and his moods usually introspective; his style is always compressed and abrupt, and at first repelling. Gradually, after much re-reading, the depth and power of the poet begin to fascinate the student. The sensation is something like looking down into the ocean through a confusion of waves and gloomy sea-weeds, until finally, far below, glimpses of something rich and strange begin to attract the eye. The chief fault in such a simile is that the style of Heidenstam, far from being always cold, is often shot through with intensity.

Above all, Heidenstam's poetry impresses one as being mainly the product of an isolated, self-conscious, and painfully sensitive mind. It is most often original in treatment and very seldom within the range of our ordinary feelings and interests. If the poet undertakes any given theme, he is more than likely to contradict the reader's expectations in his treatment. In a narrative poem, for instance, he seems to be deliberately undramatic, to disappoint in the climax much as do some of Meredith's novels. He at least resembles Meredith in caring nothing for action in itself, but only as it illuminates the soul of the actor.

In Heidenstam we discover two types of narrative: the exotic and more fanciful, and the native and more realistic. To the former class belongs the story of the Egyptian poet, Djufar, who, when he is expected to burst out into a glowing song in praise of the beauty of the Orient, merely sinks his head and weeps: "He paints the joy of the East on an empty, tear-wet page." Nor is this restraint less sincere in his well-known poem, "Nameless and Immortal," in which the architect of the Temple of Neptune at Pæstum resolves not to chisel his name on the masterpiece, but to live by his deed alone. In "Childhood Friends," where the scene is laid in Sweden, we have a careful analysis of character which makes the poem seem like a novel of Henry James irregularly compressed into verse. In this type of study, found in the poet's second volume, there is a realism not unlike that of our own poet, Robert Frost, himself doubtless to some degree a disciple of James. The poets differ, however, in that "North of Boston" reads like a veracious record of fact, whereas the style of Heidenstam reveals an artistic personality which colors, arranges, and generalizes. There are exceptions as to the involved character of Heidenstam's longer poems, notably in "Songs from the Church-Tower," which is as direct as most of the others are complex. Here the bell-ringer, a man of the people, first rings in a future of class war; afterwards his wife changes the note to one of universal brotherhood. The whole poem is boldly conceived.

Passing from the narrative to the more exclusively lyrical poems, we come at once to the most characteristic phase of Heidenstam's talent in a number of very short subjective pieces. Few living writers are so concerned with their own spiritual secrets, and fewer still have put the problem with a simpler poignancy than may be seen in the following lines, entitled "Thoughts in Solitude":

There is a spark dwells deep within my soul.
To get it out into the daylight's glow
Is my life's aim both first and last, the whole.

It slips away, it burns and tortures me.
That little spark is all the wealth I know;
That little spark is my life's misery.

I have noted that Heidenstam's style is usually abrupt as well as compressed; it consists often of a number of rapid, illuminating flashes, none of them long enough to display more than a fraction of the writer's meaning. The logic is evasive. Herein some will find the fascination of the poet, for his flashes correspond to one's insight into the most baffling moments of consciousness. One recalls William James's simile of trying to turn on the gas quickly enough to see the darkness. The following lyric, most readers will feel, contains much that is imaginatively true, although—or perhaps because—there is much that is inexplicable:

HOW EASILY MANKIND IS MOVED TO WRATH.

How easily mankind is moved to wrath!
In haste, with little knowledge of the art,
The many judge the individual heart.
But every heart a secret chamber hath,
Thereto a door whose lock no key will turn.
What oil the lamps within that chamber burn

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No man may know. But through the keyhole
stream
Pale, slender rays of light, and by their gleam
We move about and wake, and fall asleep.
It leads us; to our journey's end we keep
Along the pathway pointed by its beam.

The preceding is a good poem by which to test whether the reader is likely to care for a further acquaintance with Heidenstam. Another example of the poet's gift for condensation is more lucid:

A MAN'S LAST WORD TO A WOMAN.

Love-dazed, on rosy paths I sought thee far;
That was the spring, my gay and stormy prime.
Then I encountered thee in smiling war;
Those were the manhood years of summer-time.
I thank thee for the joy thy presence gave;
'Tis autumn, when our bed must be—the grave.

A point which needs repeated emphasis is the individuality of Heidenstam's poetic expression. It is no wonder, considering his curious individuality, that admiring Swedish critics confess to finding his work "exotic" and "uneven."

Heidenstam has Francis Thompson's sensitiveness, and in his lavish use of color is akin to Rossetti and to the Austrian philosophical poet of the present day, Hugo von Hoffmannsthal. He is, however, much less consistent in developing his thought than is any of the other three. Perhaps for this very reason he seems more earnest. He is too intense to work out the smoothly woven allegories of "The Hound of Heaven" and "Traum von Grosser Magie"; even a sonnet of Rossetti's would be impossible to him. He shifts from one picture or figure to another with an eagerness that is very confusing, yet rapidly as the pictures change, each is likely to be, for its purpose, a memorable stroke of artistry. As introspective as Poe, he is preoccupied with melancholy themes, especially with death, and not infrequently with the thought of his own death. There is, for instance, "Let Us Die Young," or the "First Night in the Churchyard," in the second of which the soul escapes from the coffin only to be hunted away from its former home, as though it were a stray dog. The daughter of Jairus, brought back to life, wishes to return to the bosom of her mother, Eternity. Heidenstam loves, too, to dwell on the isolation of the soul, or on the wandering of soul or body in strange lands. His poetry is only saved from overpowering morbidness by the vigor of the style, which tends to dispel the gloom inherent in the subject.

Yet why, with his many palpable defects, has Verner von Heidenstam won so high a place in the assembly of Swedish authors? The answer seems to lie mainly in the interrelated qualities of sincerity and freshness which have been noted. These make their strongest appeal in a sphere that I have not yet referred to: that of patriotic poetry in the widest sense. In a few fine lyrics Heidenstam escapes from his lonely, tortured self and throws his fervor into the celebration of all that is best in the landscape and the people of his native country. In "Home" we feel that a man's longing for the scenes of childhood has never been more beautifully rendered. And there are trumpet-notes of enthusiasm in "Native Land," "A Day," and particularly in "Sweden" that issue, as it were, from the breast of the earth and partake of its nobility. On this side Heidenstam suggests Masefield's "August, 1914," but has much more of a clarion ring. Who would recognize the morbid, introspective poet now? What wonder that the author of the following lines is dear to his fellow-countrymen?

SWEDEN.

Oh Sweden, Sweden, Sweden, native land,
Our earthly home, the haven of our longing!
The cow-bells ring where heroes used to stand,
Whose deeds are song, but still with hand in
hand
To swear the ancient troth thy sons are
thronging.

Fall, winter snow! And sigh, on earth's deep
breast!
Ye orient stars, burn in the summer sky!
Sweden, dear mother, be our strife, our rest,
Thou land wherein our sons shall build their
nest,
Beneath whose church-yard stones our fathers lie.*

*The translations in this article are very nearly literal and are in the metres and stanzaic forms of the originals.

Correspondence

VICARIOUS ATHLETICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The real indictment of intercollegiate athletics is found in the fact that "we are annually graduating a few men of extraordinary athletic ability and many men of undeveloped intellectual power." These are the words of President Garfield, of Williams College, in an address at the latest annual convention of the National Collegiate Athletic Association. He thus phrases the most persistent of the many charges brought of late against intercollegiate athletics. "The most serious indictment," he says, "is not that huge expenditures are involved, that athletic coaches are paid as much as and more than college professors, that teams are thoroughly and rigorously trained. We are willing to spend the money and provide the training if the result justifies it. But it does not. A few only are highly trained; the majority not at all."

Do intercollegiate games tend to prevent or to promote athletics by all? In other words, is the opportunity for athletics by proxy on the grandstand an incentive to participation in intramural games, or is it more likely to be taken as a substitute? This is one of the main issues in the question whether intercollegiate athletics should be abolished.

In connection with this issue, we have had much theoretical discussion and some concrete evidence. The most comprehensive collection of facts is that of the committee on the encouragement of intracollegiate and recreative sports of the National Collegiate Athletic Association. The report was presented at the annual convention, December 30, 1913.

The statistics furnished this committee by 143 universities and colleges engaged in intercollegiate athletics show that about 17 per cent. of the total of male students participated in the intercollegiate games. In only one district of the country, the southwestern, did the proportion reach one-fourth. From the statistics concerning intramural games, the committee concludes that not more than 50 per cent. of the students in these institutions engage in any form of systematic or organized exercise, and they believe that 50 per cent. is "decidedly too high" an estimate. Out of the 143 colleges, all of which promote intercollegiate athletics, 53, or 37 per cent., "are doing nothing to foster and encourage the types of physical exercise and healthful recreation that the student is likely to use in after-college life."

Concerning expenditures, the committee finds that not one-tenth as much is spent for intramural games as for intercollegiate games. In other words, these 143 colleges spend about sixty times as much money for each member of an intercollegiate team as they spend for the games of each of the other students.

To what extent intercollegiate games are responsible for vicarious athletics, it is impossible to determine. But three facts are indisputable: (1) Intercollegiate games are the dominant influence in the athletics, even if they are not, indeed, the dominant influence in the entire life of these institutions. (2) Nearly all of them have had twenty years or more of experience to demonstrate whether this dominant influence tends to bring everybody into the games. (3) The net results, as reported by the promoters of intercollegiate athletics, are not encouraging.

Unfortunately, we have had little experience with athletics conducted solely for all students, entirely free from the good and bad influences of intercollegiate athletics, whatever they may be. The net results of such experience, whether encouraging or not, should be carefully noted. Six years ago, Reed College, before it had any students or faculty, announced as its policy, "Athletics in moderation and at little expense for all students, especially those in greatest need, instead of costly and excessive training for a few students, especially those in least need."

After having pursued this policy for five years, and having had no intercollegiate athletics whatever, the College made a careful record of its athletics for the last week of September, 1916. It appears to have been a typical week, differing from other weeks only as sports vary from season to season. No special attempt was made to induce students to participate; in fact, before they knew that any record was to be kept, the week was more than half gone. The record covers every student in attendance for that entire week, except those who were advised by the department of physical education not to participate in games on account of special, temporary disability.

During that week 92.8 per cent. of the men students and 93.5 per cent. of the women students took part in one or more of the following athletic games: tennis, tug-of-war, handball, hockey, football, basketball, squash, and track games. The proportion of the whole number playing these games ranged from 60 per cent. in tennis to 7 per cent. in track events. Sixty per cent. of the students took part in these games three or more days in the week; 75 per cent. took part in them two or more days in the week.

If we add swimming and boxing, the records for the week include 100 per cent. of the men students. Furthermore, 51 per cent. of

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all students, men and women, took gymnasium exercises not counted as games, and about the same proportion report for the week some form of physical labor.

Whether, in an institution having no intercollegiate games, students tend to spend too much or too little time on physical exercises, may be judged from the following table of hours:

EXERCISES OF REED COLLEGE STUDENTS.

(For the week, September 24 to September 30, 1916.)

Hours	Games		Walking		Labor		Gymnasium	
	M	W	M	W	M	W	M	W
0	9	8	0	0	80	65	28	97
1	18	30	9	3	2	8	29	6
2	18	40	31	27	5	12	15	8
3	24	25	22	10	5	5	38	12
4	14	8	14	13	5	5	6	0
5	9	8	10	20	2	2	2	0
6	6	3	10	10	5	7	4	0
7	9	1	3	15	3	2	0	0
8	5	0	4	12	4	1	2	0
9	11	0	7	1	3	2	0	0
10 or more.	2	0	15	12	11	13	1	0

It may be noted that 92 per cent. of the students spent, in that week, not less than one hour nor more than nine hours taking part in athletic games. In watching games, they spent less than one hour per student.

This record may be compared with that of the corresponding week of 1914, during which all but seven of the 234 students took part in games or gymnastics at least two days out of six. Fifty-six per cent. took part in gymnastics, 44 per cent. in handball, 34 per cent. in football, 32 per cent. in the tug-of-war, 27 per cent. in tennis, 18 per cent. in basketball, and 15 per cent. in track games. The difference in the choice of games for the two years was due largely to the weather, the week of 1914 having been rainy.

In comparing these figures with those of the 143 colleges cited above, it should be observed that the latter statistics appear to include every student who took part in any game in any week of the year, and therefore fail to indicate what proportion of the 50 per cent. or less of the students who played games at all took part systematically in athletic exercises. In fact, the information now available concerning the athletics of all students in institutions having intercollegiate games is meagre, vague, and fragmentary.

WILLIAM T. FOSTER.

Reed College, Portland, Ore., November 3.

POE AND BLACKWOOD'S.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a point in the investigation of Poe's contributions to British periodicals, it is of interest to note that the present editor of *Blackwood's*, in answer to a recent query, courteously writes that Poe never contributed to that journal.

Poe's own statements in regard to the matter are as follows: "I have made a profitable engagement with *Blackwood's Mag.* and my forthcoming Tales are promised a very commendatory review in that journal from the pen of Prof. Wilson. Keep this a secret if you please, for the present." [To J. E. Snodgrass, Sept. 11, 1839.] "Lately have written continuously for two British journals whose names I am not permitted to mention." [Manuscript memorandum furnished to Griswold, March 29, 1841.]

I have faith that, though Poe's statements may not be strictly true, they yet contain some truth, and that further search may bring to light at least some correspondence between Poe and certain British editors.

LEWIS CHASE.

University of Wisconsin, Madison, November 8.

Literature

THIRD PARTIES.

Third Party Movements Since the Civil War. With Special Reference to Iowa. By Fred E. Haynes. Iowa City: State Historical Society of Iowa. $2.50.

Mr. Haynes's volume is not what would ordinarily be accounted a work of exceptional scholarship. The task of the author has been the comparatively simple one of putting together, from readily accessible and not very numerous sources, a comprehensive and balanced narrative rather than that of solving difficult problems of authorship, conduct, or motive, or of reconstructing the past out of scanty data. The literary form, too, while commendably readable, has to carry a weighty burden of names, statistics, and newspaper extracts. Moreover, the book deals extensively with the politics of Iowa; and the average American, we fear, has not yet learned to take the politics of Iowa seriously. But the substance of what Mr. Haynes has to say, on the other hand, is so important, the presentation so thorough and orderly, and the temper so judicial, as to give to the work a value and significance which a more learned study might easily fail to attain.

It is indeed a variegated procession of third parties and party movements which Mr. Haynes passes in review. Liberal Republicans, Greenbackers, Populists, the Farmers' Alliance, Anti-Monopolists, Labor Reformers, National Unionists, Progressives—what are these, for the most part, but the scarcely remembered titles of lost causes and impossible loyalties, or, to the "regular" party man, impertinent or dangerous assertions of foolish dissent? Save for a few names, like those of La Follette, Bryan, and Roosevelt, the men who led these forlorn hopes, however conspicuous at the moment in the region which produced them, made too small an impression upon the East even to have been forgotten; and the platforms upon which they stood, and which, one by one, gave way under them, must be sought mainly in out-of-the-way books or pamphlets, or in newspapers which the reading public of New England or New York hardly knows by name.

Yet the two main points which Mr. Haynes enforces, and the straightforward elucidation of which entitles his book to a place in every well-chosen library of American history, are of fundamental importance, especially at the present moment. Whatever the local or temporary interest, however obvious the ultimate fate from the start, it is through these same third parties, more than through any other single agency, that the face of American politics has been transformed. The slow but steady shifting of emphasis from questions of constitutional right or political expediency, which characterized American politics before the Civil War, to the present predominating interest in questions of economic welfare and social reform, has been due principally to the activity of third-party groups. When the old party leaders, blind to the restlessness of the masses, ignored or cast out the champions of what were believed to be popular rights, the latter went to the Gentiles; and it was in these third-party movements of protest and revolt, making up in vehemence, often, what they lacked in wisdom or organizing skill, that new economic theories of land, labor, capital, and public service first found a friendly hearing and organized support. If the Democratic party of to-day is preëminently the party of popular welfare rather than of vested interests, or if the Republican party has learned any valuable lessons from its resounding defeats, the change is due, in the first instance, to the zeal and ambition of men and women who espoused unpopular ideas when they were novel, dared the power of the older parties by creating and supporting new ones, voted for candidates whom the "regulars" ridiculed or denounced, and extorted a hearing from leaders who had used all the resources of money, office, organization, and business influence to discredit and suppress them.

This is the first of Mr. Haynes's points. The second is that these third-party movements have had their origin and chief development, for the most part, in the West. It was in the States of the upper Mississippi Valley that the constrictions of Wall Street finance, the dishonesty of railway corporations, the speculative control of markets, and a score of other grievances first came to be realized acutely and evoked organized protest. While the farmer class of the East, crowded to one side by industrialism, was becoming little more than a name to conjure with, the farmers beyond the Alleghanies not only dominated the economic and political situation, but developed, under enthusiastic leadership, astonishing powers of joint resistance and attack. Whether or not the grievances were real mattered little at the moment: for the evils that prompt political revolt are those that are felt, not merely those that exist. Nor were the farmers of the Middle West disturbed by any fear of creating a new sectionalism, dividing on new and far-reaching lines a nation which had just been united by war; for the evils of which they complained, like the ideals which they sought to realize, had to do, after all, with the broad issues of political liberty and economic welfare whose ultimate appeal must certainly be to the nation as a whole. Mr. Haynes, writing for an Iowa society, very properly traces the history of the movements in that State as well as in the country at large; but were similar studies to be made of other States, the multiplying

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incidents would show no essential change of purpose, for the grievances were common to them all.

One has to admit, of course, the failures, and few of the failures need to be explained. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, has so numerous a brood of political and economic heresies been hatched, or so many wild ideas of reform been aired, as in the Central West since the Civil War. Of all the "movements" which Mr. Haynes describes, and to which hundreds of thousands of voters at one time or another lent willing ears, hardly one survives in any form which those who initiated it would recognize. The third parties saved others, themselves they could not save. But the real issue of social justice, stripped of the vagarious forms in which it was at first presented, now predominates in American politics. It is a far cry from Weaver, Peffer, and "Sockless Jerry" to Wilson, Roosevelt, and Hughes; but the progressive spirit which has made Mr. Wilson's party, in spite of its devious leadership, the party of social progress, which has set aside Mr. Roosevelt as an inspiring voice rather than as a trusted general, and which the other day sent Mr. Hughes down to the most pitiable defeat that a Presidential candidate has ever encountered, is the broad outcome of the agitations whose story Mr. Haynes has told. As national political factors New England has all but passed, New York and Pennsylvania are passing, and the day of the West has come.

RATIONALISTIC ESSAYS.

Social Studies in English Literature. By Laura Johnson Wylie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.

This volume, contributed by Professor Wylie to the Vassar Semi-Centennial Series, consists of four thoughtful and carefully elaborated essays on the following subjects: The English Essay, The England of George Crabbe, The Social Philosophy of Wordsworth, and Shelley's Democracy. The unity of the studies, as indicated by the author, "consists in their common viewpoint, each essay tracing the relation between a certain body of literature and some aspects of the social conditions out of which it grew." A deeper unity than this is discoverable in Professor Wylie's love of truth, her trust in reason, her desire for a social regeneration, and her faith in progress and in democracy. She modestly professes only a "pedestrian effort to 'see the object as in itself it really is'"; and her writing has generally the clearness, firmness, and sobriety requisite to presenting "the object" as one sees it; but the breath of life in the book is in its subdued but pervasive revelation of awakened social sympathies in search of things real and fine.

The study of the essay, which she maintains may be called "the characteristic literary art of the nineteenth century," is full of interesting points. She attempts rather to define its spirit than its Protean form. Reason, she says, discovered the essay "when it attained to an intellectual intuition, parallel in the realm of thought to that of poetry in the realm of perception, and undertook to penetrate into the nature of things rather than to impose its own conclusions upon its environment." Her sketch of the development of the essay thus becomes a sketch of the growth of the "modern" spirit. Her rationalistic sympathies and her conception of the essay-form as preeminently the vehicle of the realistic inductive mind have perhaps warped her judgment a little here and there. For example, Browne is passed over in a line; Carlyle is denied the title of "thinker," is declared "Utopian," and suggestively but quite too hurriedly linked with Mill; and Arnold is without qualification claimed as a "rationalist." Professor Wylie's bias in favor of the age of enlightenment serves her well, however, when she comes to the appraisal of the too-commonly underrated lights of the eighteenth century. Let us hear her on Shaftsbury's "Characteristics":

> They are, indeed, the very incarnation of that ardent faith in intellectual liberty, tempered into courtesy by the decorous ordering of life, that animated the best thinking of the time. Their plea for freedom of discussion; for a goodness, human or divine, that conforms to law; for the beauty of intellectual and spiritual sanity; for a noble virtuosoship in morality, carries the thought backward to Montaigne and Plato as well as forward to the nineteenth century. Their largeness of vision and fervency of conviction lose little and gain much from the fact that "Characteristics" was written by a gentleman for gentlemen, and thus professedly voiced the ideal of a coterie rather than that of humanity. By establishing the essential principles that should prevail in a society whose members are truly equal and free, these essays were able not only to embody the best social philosophy of their day, but, by liberating this philosophy from the limitations of a too immediate application, to establish a more perfect conception of democracy than was possible in the actual society of that time.

The standard by which Professor Wylie measures Crabbe, Wordsworth, and Shelley is, Professor Saintsbury would probably tell us, not a literary standard. For her, however, as for Matthew Arnold, literature is essentially a criticism of life. From that point of view her essay on "The England of George Crabbe" is a remarkably fine piece of work—the most illuminating twenty-five pages that the present reviewer has seen on this subject. "Because," she says in conclusion, "the characters and conditions that he pictured give a searching criticism of the society of which they were the outgrowth, and a clear indication of the necessity for a new ordering of that society, they also reveal something of the magnitude of the reconstructive task which lay before the democracy of the early nineteenth century." This sentence may serve as the cue to the severe examination of the "Social Philosophy of Wordsworth," ending in something like the verdict pronounced by Ruskin and Browning and the older Radicals: "This early stagnation of his thinking, and the gradual decline of his poetic and intellectual faculties, is the result of the real tragedy of Wordsworth's life—his failure 'to abide in reason to the uttermost.'" The critical balances which Professor Wylie keeps in hand throughout the "Wordsworth" she pretty completely abandons in the "Shelley," and becomes a whole-souled exponent and advocate of the poet's moral and intellectual beauty. Shelley, she appears to believe, expresses nearly everything that the heart can desire, and our progressive thought is finding it out. "Shelley," she declares, "was at one with Jonson and Dryden in his enthusiasm for reason. He thus took a long step towards reconciling the claims of the intellect, the watchword of the previous century, with those of the imagination, the shibboleth of his own generation." The plea for Shelley is ably conducted. But it strikes us that there is a great deal of room for distinctions between the "reason" of Jonson and the "reason" of Shelley—room which Professor Wylie has not occupied. There is not space here to ventilate the old quarrel between the *rational* and the *reasonable* people, nor, perhaps, is the occasion propitious; for the indications are that, so far as Shelley is concerned, it will continue till the Judgment Day.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE AND THE MIDDLE AGES.

East and West through Fifteen Centuries. Being a General History from B. C. 44 to A. D. 1453. By Brig.-Gen. G. F. Young, C.B. In four volumes: Vols. I and II. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $12 net.

This book belongs to a class which was more common a century ago than it is today. Historical works are in our time mostly either compendia covering long periods in a concise and popular way, or else elaborately scientific treatments of some one period in some one country. The former are addressed to the so-called "general reader" or designed for use in schools and colleges. The latter are written for scholars who desire to master a single topic with thoroughness. But this history covers a very wide field, and devotes to the part dealt with in these two volumes (B. C. 44 to A. D. 740) no less than 1,274 pages. Large as is this mass of printed matter, a minutely scientific handling of so vast a topic would, of course, be impossible, so the special student cannot expect to find much that will appeal to him, except in some few places where the author, having views of his own to put forward, allows himself to expatiate on particular points. The total size of the work, when completed, will probably be about the same as that of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," which begins at almost the same date, and ends, as the present book is planned to end, with the taking of Constantinople by the Turks in A. D. 1453.

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A comparison of Gen. Young's work with Gibbon's famous treatise is inevitable. Gen. Young, writing nearly a century and a half after his predecessor, has a far greater body of historical evidence at his command. New MS. sources have been discovered and printed; excavations have revealed many ancient buildings and a prodigious number of inscriptions, while thousands of learned men have carried light into many departments which were dark in Gibbon's time. On many points, therefore, Gen. Young can give his readers information which his predecessor did not possess. On the other hand, we do not find in him, nor would he claim, either the capacious mental sweep of Gibbon or his command of a powerful, if somewhat artificial and ponderous, style. The point of view and the tendencies of the two writers are profoundly different. Gibbon lost no opportunity of disparaging Christianity, and was sometimes warped in his view of the facts by his aversion to it. Gen. Young writes as a Christian and a member of the Church of England, though he has not, so far as we have noticed, allowed his theological proclivities to affect his fairness of statement or his desire to describe events just as they happened. The length of time that has elapsed since Gibbon wrote and the accumulation of new materials to which we have referred justify the attempt to rewrite the history of the Roman world and of Europe in the earlier Middle Ages. But it need hardly be said that so ambitious a plan runs the risk of falling between two stools. It is too long for educational purposes and for most busy men. It does not go sufficiently into detail to satisfy the skilled student of history, nor does it give him those references to the original authorities, or to the special treatises of recent writers, which we now expect from scientifically written histories. Without complaining of this omission of references, we conceive that Gen. Young would have made his book more useful even to the general reader if he had given a list of at least the most important and most accessible books bearing on the several periods which he covers. The specialist, of course, knows these, or can find them for himself, but the "general reader" does not, and would find a mention of them helpful whenever he feels tempted to turn aside to learn more about some particular person or event than this book tells him.

The execution of the present treatise, if it does not bear comparison with Gibbon in those qualities which make a work immortal, deserves the praise of a clear and easy style, which, though it rises and falls but little in respect of the dignity of the subject, can be read with pleasure. The arrangement is strictly chronological. Gen. Young defends this as being the most generally convenient, and for his purpose, which is that of producing a running chronicle of events, he has done well to adopt it, though historians aiming either at dramatic effect or at the enforcement of broad principles by a philosophic massing of facts, would find it less suitable. Our author does not deal in reflections, but is first and foremost a narrator, so he seldom stops to debate controversial questions. He claims in his preface, however, to have taken a new line in respect of some points of importance, a few of which may be mentioned. He argues that Gibbon erred in holding the period from Nerva to Marcus Aurelius to have been that in which the Roman Empire reached its zenith. In his view, which is to our thinking an erroneous view, the Empire was greater and stronger under Constantine, and Constantine himself the greatest of all the Emperors. He thinks meanly of the talents and character of Marcus himself, and defends Tiberius from what he describes as the calumnious misrepresentations of Tacitus, going in this respect much further than most modern students will follow him, even while they may admit that the Tacitean picture is unduly dark. He vindicates the character and conduct of Gratian from the disparaging treatment given him by Gibbon and most other writers, and renders a somewhat similar service to the memory of the great Theodoric, Ostrogoth, justly observing that the accounts we possess of his harshness in the last three years of his reign come from Roman writers hostile to Gothic rule, and likely to put his conduct in the worst light. Another point in which he professes to have corrected views hitherto prevalent is of wider scope. In the account he gives of the conquest of North Africa by the Mussulman Arabs in the seventh and eighth centuries (Vol. II, Chap. XXV), an account presented with care and spirit, he argues that in the course of the long conflict practically the whole of the Roman, or Christian, population of what was then a rich and populous country must have been exterminated. He points out with truth that no vestige of Christianity seems to have remained after a hundred years had passed from the completion of the conquest in A. D. 709, and that there are at present few, if any, traces of an admixture of European blood in the population of the regions stretching from Tripoli to the Straits of Gibraltar, which were Christian and Latin speaking before the Arab invasion. But this reasoning ignores two possibilities: one that the Christian population may have been already, when the Arab assaults had not begun, greatly reduced in number from what it was in the days of St. Augustine, before the Vandal invasion of the fifth century, and the other that this Christian population was never chiefly, or even largely, of European origin. There is nothing to indicate that any large infusion of Italian blood was poured into the veins of the Berber population which Carthage ruled, or which obeyed the Numidian kings whom Rome subdued. Not till the Vandals came in the beginning of the fifth century do we hear of any immigration from the northern side of the Mediterranean, and there is nothing to show that the Vandals were numerous enough to affect the physical type of the provincials. Gen. Young dilates on the destruction of the irrigation channels to which the fertility of many parts of Roman Africa was due. The Arab conquest no doubt led to their destruction and broke to pieces the whole fabric of Afro-Roman civilization. To-day, within fifty miles of Tunis, there stand the ruins of a gigantic amphitheatre (at El Djem, the ancient Thysdrus) capable of holding sixty thousand persons, in a region where there are now not six thousand within a ten-mile radius. But when once the fabric had been broken and the city communities destroyed, the channels ceased to be repaired, the production of food was necessarily diminished, and the country was by degrees reduced to that wretchedness in which the French found it when their conquests began in the nineteenth century. That there was much slaughter by the Arab invaders, Sidi Ukba and Musaoben Nozier, may well be believed, but it need not have been universal, as Gen. Young conceives. It is no easy matter to exterminate a whole nation; even the Young Turks, with the best will in the world, have not succeeded in annihilating the Armenian race in those recent massacres which have aroused our horror.

In point of accuracy, which, after all, is the fundamental merit of every history, without which no other qualities avail much to give it value, this book stands pretty well the tests which we have applied. The author would seem to have consulted not a few of the best modern writers on the several departments of the vast subject which he traverses, and he has used them intelligently. But there are both uncritical assumptions and strange misconceptions which sometimes shake our confidence. Some of these are found in his treatment of early Christianity. He has done well to include the history of the Church, for its influence upon secular history, especially after the time of Constantine, was so increasingly great that secular affairs can hardly be understood without a knowledge of ecclesiastical affairs. But he does not seem to know much which has been recently pretty well established regarding the early Church and the early Christian writings. He is quite entitled to suspend judgment on many points round which controversy has raged, and is still raging. But it is a bold thing to say (Vol. I, p. 157) that the Epistle of Jude was written in the days of the Emperor Titus (A. D. 80), as if there was no doubt about the matter—general opinion now attributing that epistle to a much later date. Another defect may be noted in the references to the various sects which troubled early Christianity, some of which are so vague as to be misleading. In the very full and interestingly written account of the reign of Justinian (Vol. II, Chap. XXI) Gen. Young seems not to understand what it was that the Emperor did for the Roman law, nor what was the nature of the several parts of that *Corpus Juris Civilis* which bears his name—an error from which even the old-fashioned Gibbon would have saved him. Oddly enough, in naming the various parts of the *Corpus Juris* he omits

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that one part with which the sovereign personally had a good deal to do, viz., the "new laws" issued by himself ("Novellæ Constitutiones," or "Novels"). As he seldom quotes his authorities, we cannot tell what he means when he says (Vol. I, p. 239) that "the Emperor Antoninus drew up an immense code of the Roman laws for use throughout the Empire"; but Antoninus Pius certainly did nothing which corresponds to this description. Other minor points which we have noted, such as the strange remark that "large traces of the Roman language remain in Spain" (Vol. II, p. 541), and the inadequate descriptions of the events of A. D. 476 and of the Arab conquest of Spain, and the assumption that the "Anecdota" of Procopius is a forgery (a view which, though held by some writers of authority, is denied by others, and is almost indefensible after the researches of Dahn), need not be dwelt upon. The chief merits of the book, besides the agreeably flowing style in which it is written, are the accounts of military operations, in which the author's professional knowledge has stood him in good stead, and the characterizations of the Emperors. He has rightly perceived that history is most easily remembered, at least by those readers who have not a philosophic turn of mind, as a series of biographies and adventures; and in following this principle has given sketches of many leading figures which, whether correct or not, have the merit of conveying distinct impressions. We cannot, however, understand why one of the most striking of all these figures, Mohammed, is left undescribed, though the wars of his followers are treated with great fulness, and an interesting view is propounded as to the causes of the rapid successes which the Muslim armies achieved in their first attacks upon the Roman Empire. Here the author's military appreciation of the immense importance of *morale* in war comes usefully into play.

FROM ÆSCHYLUS TO MAETERLINCK.

The Supernatural in Tragedy. By Charles Edward Whitmore. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $1.75.

By the supernatural Mr. Whitmore understands not only the obvious concrete marvels of ghosts and magic, but religion itself and all recognition in the drama of the incalculable intervention in human affairs of powers beyond our ken. This and the difficulty of distinguishing this particular aspect of dramatic economy from the management of the plot as a whole tend to convert his special study into a general sketch of the history of tragedy from Æschylus to Maeterlinck.

Reviewing Greek tragedy from this point of view, Dr. Whitmore finds a continuous development in the art of Æschylus from the "Suppliants," which has no overtly supernatural element, and the "Persæ," in which the rôle of the ghost of Darius is episodic, to the "Oresteia," in which the indwelling and all-controlling idea of sin and retribution defines itself more and more clearly till at last it takes bodily shape in those wingless harpies, the Erinyes, "frightening the Athenian wives into fits." Sophocles, he thinks, is less interested in the supernatural and learns to treat it successfully only in "Œdipus the King" and "Œdipus at Colonus." Rejecting the fancies of Dr. Verrall and of Mr. Norwood's "Riddle of the Bacchæ," our author takes the normal and sensible view of Euripides—that he was an imperfect artist who could not adjust his new thought to the traditional mould in which his work was cast. He is relatively most successful in the "Hippolytus" and the "Bacchæ" where he follows tradition, or identifies himself in sympathy with his theme. But in the main he anticipates and prepares the mechanical and external treatment of the supernatural of which Seneca is the chief later representative. To this Seneca adds rhetorical descriptions of Hell not found in extant Greek tragedy and a peculiarly Roman, Mr. Whitmore thinks perhaps Etruscan, taste for scenes of blood and horror.

Referring to Chambers's "Medieval Stage" for all erudite detail, Mr. Whitmore in his sketch dwells chiefly on certain distinctions that differentiate the course of literary evolution in Italy, France, and England. In Italy, the classical tradition apparently was revived even before the sacred drama took shape. The two existed side by side; they did not fuse, and neither developed a great national tragedy. The long history of the mediæval French miracle play is suddenly interrupted in the middle of the sixteenth century, and with Jodelle's "Cléopâtre" and the theories of the Pléiade begins abruptly the still more significant evolution of the modern French classic drama. The old French miracle play dealt externally with the supernatural, and the new classical drama adopted after the Italians the supposedly Aristotelian principle that the supernatural is to be tolerated only in the prologue or "outside of the action."

In England, on the contrary, the mediæval mystery play by the genius of the people already attained to a deep and pregnant intuition of the supernatural, and the continuity of the English development transmitted something of this quality to the Elizabethans. The York and Chester cycles were performed late enough to exercise a real influence on the generation of Shakespeare. To this must be added the broader and freer use of Seneca by English dramatists. They took from him whatever stirred their imagination or enriched their rhetoric, but rejected the straitjacket of his dramatic form. The result is the supreme art of Shakespeare and the Elizabethans, nowhere more preeminent than in its treatment of the supernatural, which Mr. Whitmore aptly characterizes again after many predecessors.

A third part, entitled "Some Modern Aspects," after a glance at the eighteenth century and the isolated experiments of Beddoes, discusses the recent revival of interest in the strangeness, rather than in the terror, of the supernatural, in the work, *e. g.*, of Yeats, Fiona McCleod, Ibsen, d'Annunzio, and Maeterlinck.

We have confined ourselves to exposition because serious criticism would involve a rediscussion of fundamental principles. We should qualify Mr. Whitmore's exaltation of the supernatural as the chief inspiration of the noblest tragedy by a distinction which he in practice neglects or attenuates—the distinction between the religious use of the supernatural and its superstitious or mystic abuse. "Out of absolutely simple elements," he says, "Maeterlinck has called up the very spirit of Greek tragedy." We should join issue at once. Æschylus is religious: Maeterlinck is superstitious, or at the best mystic. It is true that the art of the "Agamemnon" induces a mood of expectant horror; and so does the art of "L'Intruse." But, even to waive the mysticism, the general analogy does not establish a specific resemblance. You cannot call up the very spirit of Greek tragedy with simple elements. The magnificence and, if you will, the rhetoric of the diction are as essential to Greek tragedy as the like qualities of Marlowe and Shakespeare are to the spirit of the Elizabethans. The modernist who deems this style mere bombast is free to prefer the diction of Wordsworth's "Michael," of Ibsen, of Maeterlinck, of Spoon River, or North of Boston. But no work composed in these styles can yield Æschylean or Shakespearean effects or be profitably compared with Æschylus and Shakespeare. They embody disparate ideals of art and appeal to irreducible differences of taste.

AN EPIC OF FAILURE.

Gallipoli. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

There are two stories expected of Gallipoli, the inevitable two sides to every big success or failure of human effort, when the crucial elements are quietly evaluated, the praise or blame dispassionately assigned. In the great war the Gallipoli campaign strikes the imagination with a poignancy exactly in proportion to its unattained strategic hopes, and to the popular sentiment aroused by the spectacular idea of driving the Turk from Europe. It is not strange that the lay mind should have cherished the latter notion, nor is it news to the military ear when Mr. Masefield explains, at the outset of his tragic narrative, that the Gallipoli adventure was mainly a diversion against the Turk to hold his resources from the Russians in the Caucasus, from the British in Mesopotamia and Egypt, and to strike the mercurial Balkan imaginations. From various sources, both lay and military readers have been impressed with the cynical indifference shown by the British towards the Turk galvanized into efficiency by German organization. The Gallipoli campaign would seem to have been undertaken in the spirit of a punitive expedition across one of the British hinterlands, a spirit adequately revealed in the Indian army's more consistent failure at

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Kut-el-Amara. A chaplain's diary recently likened Gallipoli to "a picnic, except for the Black Marias."

Of the two stories of Gallipoli the first has come from Mr. Masefield. It remains to be seen if, at the close of the war, military readers, and those countries which furnished the superb fighting material that lifts this tragic episode to epic rank, will even receive as impartial a record of its technical blunders from the British War Office. Of the three official correspondents at Gallipoli, one is convinced that "Sir Ian Hamilton was very unfortunate in some of the influential understrappers who were sent out to help him, and only succeeded in hindering and thwarting him." At least such a story is due the Colonies, upon whom fell the brunt of the sacrifices. If we are right in thinking that they share with Americans a dislike for nepotism and incompetence in high places on the field, then that other story must tell what Sir Ian Hamilton and his brave men tried in vain to overcome. Meanwhile, Mr. Masefield grips the most neutral attention with his vivid, harrowing record. With a poet's gift for cogency, his prose charily cadenced through the most brutal scenes, he rubs salt into any sentimental interest for his difficult task. Whatever criticism he counters was gathered during his recent tour of this country, in many cases was colored by Teutonic bias, and is hardly worth serious consideration by author or reader. But *ex post facto* criticism does not detain him long: we are plunged into breathless pages of suffering and sacrifice against a dauntless, fanatical foe; of scientific organization intrenched on a favored and difficult terrain assailed by units whose chief assets were an indomitable courage and resourcefulness in adversity—pages that give inspired, if depressing, reading.

For the lay reader the strategy of Gallipoli is not difficult. The confined areas of the various offensives on the peninsula resolves the fighting into a naval landing party on enormous scale carried out at the most available points. These separate offensives, their futile efforts at coördination because of inadequate supplies of men and munitions at critical junctures, the uncertainty of naval support owing to mines and torpedoes, and the ravages of climate and disease, naturally group as individual stories of divisions landed and intrenched at the various beaches from which they were never destined to advance. Not only was there lack of men and munitions, but there was never an assured, steady supply of water by transportation, since the only sources on the arid peninsula were controlled by the Turks. It is also necessary to remember the distances traversed by men, material, and the wounded to and from bases like Malta and Alexandria, to appreciate the reckless daring of the adventure. The impressive departure from the near base of Mudros for the first bloody landings, the heroic struggles for historic ground at Anzac, at Lone Pine, Sari Bair, the various Deres, and the fateful Chunuk Bair, have inspired Mr. Masefield's finest prose. Guardedly and frequently he criticises the continual lack of men and munitions: once he refers to the most discussed episode among so many other blunders, when the strategic summit of Chunuk Bair, dominating the much-desired Narrows, was finally won by the British, and then bombarded by their own ships:

> Then, at that moment of time, while our handful on the hilltop waited for the weight of the Third Column to make its thrust a death-blow, came the most tragical thing in all that tragical campaign. . . . Whatever the cause, whether accident, fate, mistake, or the daily waste and confusion of battle, our own guns searched the hill-top for some minutes too long, and thinned out our brave handful with a terrible fire. They were caught in the open and destroyed there; the Turks charged back on the remnant and beat them off. . . .

Again and again the pathos of sacrifice was due to poor organization. At Helles

> we felt what all our soldiers had expected, that want of fresh men in reserve to make a sweep final, which afterwards lost us the campaign. . . . It was a vital question. The cry for "fifty thousand more men and plenty of high explosives" went up daily from every trench in Gallipoli, and we lost the campaign through not sending them in time . . .

And yet, as Mr. Masefield remarks, with these persistent and often insuperable handicaps devised by man and nature, the British force put up one of the finest fights in history. The moral effects upon the enemy were no doubt incalculable, but the moral effects upon the entire East as a result of the failures at Gallipoli and Kut-el-Amara cannot be underestimated. As in South Africa so in Gallipoli, the blunders and incompetence of those in authority prodigally sacrificed men whose heroism alone dignifies each event in history. We do not feel that the masterly and too tardy evacuation could have been avoided: Gen. Hamilton's heroes always faced an herculean task, and they could never "have given thanks in Santa Sophia three months before." When the navy failed, even without the demoralization of the staff, the army could never advance up that difficult, strongly intrenched peninsula lying, as it does, so close to the main-spring of Turkish resources. Mr. Masefield's stirring narrative does not include the French offensive, but for his own countrymen he has worthily performed a difficult task.

SOUTHERN RAILWAYS.

State Regulation of Railroads in the South. By Maxwell Ferguson. New York: Columbia University. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

A hitherto neglected field in the history of railway legislation has now been covered, although somewhat superficially, in this monograph. Within the space of about two hundred pages are given the history and the present status of the railway regulating bodies in all the Southern States east of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio, and there are also included chapters on Charters, Early and Recent General Railway Legislation, and Constitutional Provisions. Yet, notwithstanding its summary character, which is explained by the author as due to the fact that it is a part of a larger book on railway development in the South, it gives an intelligible and well-balanced account of the struggles for railway control in that section of the country in which the problems are more baffling than in any other.

The beginnings of State regulation in the South were coincident with the Granger movement in the Northwest. Virginia established the first Commission in 1877 of the "advisory" type. Georgia created the first Southern Commission with real authority in 1879, and this body was destined to become one of the most efficient Commissions in the South.

A survey of the present situation in this section reveals weaknesses which have a familiar look and are all too common to regulating bodies in other parts of the country. In all but two States Commissioners are elected, and in consequence the Commissions are influenced too largely by political considerations. The terms of office are too short; there is almost a total lack of statutory requirements as to technical fitness for the position of Commissioner; the appropriations for expenses are so meagre as often to make it impossible to exercise the powers conferred by statute. Upon no one of the Commissions is it mandatory to regulate the system of accounting, and only one has authority to control capitalization. Their most effective work has been in the control of rates. Clothed as most of the boards are with power to make actual and not merely maximum rates, they have accomplished much in the direction of removing discriminations and stabilizing local charges. More strikingly, however, than in any other section of the country, they have selfishly endeavored to promote the interests of their own communities at the expense of their neighbors, and to preserve to the people of their own States their local markets. While Texas is not covered in this treatise, the Shreveport case comes at once to mind as an illustration of the practice. It is the author's belief that these widespread reductions in rates in the interest of State trade have in many instances done serious injustice to the carriers.

In a section of the country where industrial advance has been slow, where diversified industry has had a late development, where potential water competition, of a somewhat feeble sort, to be sure, has been present on every hand, the lot of the State Railway Commissioner has not been a happy one, and it is not altogether to his discredit that he has not yet found a complete solution of his problem. Yet the same fundamental difficulty looms up here as elsewhere—three-fourths of the Southern trade is interstate in character, and "the jurisdiction of the Commissioners has now become

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so limited as to make their work and influence relatively insignificant." The question to-day—the underlying problem before the Congressional Investigating Commission recently appointed—is whether the States shall recognize the situation and abandon to the Federal Government the remnant of their power, which they are exercising so feebly and inadequately.

Notes

"The Marriage Game," by Anne C. Flexner, is announced for publication by B. W. Huebsch.

The Century Company announces the forthcoming publication of "Modern Economic Problems," by Frank A. Fetter.

Little, Brown & Co.'s final publication of the season will be a limited edition entitled "The Wood-Carver of Salem—Samuel McIntire: His Life and Work," by Phil M. Riley.

"A Handbook to County Bibliography," by Arthur L. Humphreys, is announced for publication next month by the author, at 187 Piccadilly, London, England.

T. Fisher Unwin, of London, announces the publication of "Great Victorians," by T. H. S. Escott, and of "Five Masters of French Romance," by A. L. Guérard.

"The Practical Book of Early American Arts and Crafts," by Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Abbot McClure, is announced by J. B. Lippincott Company.

The following volumes of the Cambridge University Press are announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons: "The Anthocyanin Pigments of Plants," by Muriel Wheldale; "The Commentaries of Isho'dad of Merv, Bishop of Hadatha (c. 850 A. D.) in Syriac and English" (Horæ Semiticæ, No. XI), edited and translated by Margaret Dunlop Gibson; "The Rhesus" of Euripides, edited by W. H. Porter; "The Earliest Voyages Round the World (1519-1617)," edited by Philip F. Alexander.

Two new volumes (Holt; 50 cents net each) in the series called Writers of the Day are as good as their predecessors: that is, they are first-rate pieces of informal and thoroughly journalistic criticism. Harold Child writes of "Thomas Hardy" with undue emphasis upon Hardy's poetry, to which he gives one-third his volume, and with a fatuous attempt to show that Hardy's philosophy of the control of life by an impersonal, heedless, Immanent Will is sure to supplant in the generation following the war what he calls the present belief in a dualism of good and evil. But he discusses the novels, which he classifies under Hardy's own heading of novels of character and environment, novels of ingenuity, and romances and fantasies, with sound sense. Especially sound and well put, if by no means profound, is his insistence upon the element of optimism in Hardy, as witnessed by the novelist's evident belief in meliorism. As he remarks of "Tess," if homespun humanity can be so beautiful, can so love and endure and trust, may we not feel joy and pride? When we contemplate such beauty slowly ruined by causes that man himself has power to remove, what results but a determination to remove them, and to let no stupidity or timidity stand in the way of the virtues and happiness that human nature may realize? Hugh Walpole on "Joseph Conrad" is similarly excellent in discussing his author's novels, though when he strays into comparative criticism his verdicts on general tendencies in fiction and on the novels of other English and American writers are to be distrusted. He comes near the heart of the subject when he observes that Conrad is of the resolute conviction that life is too strong, clever, and remorseless for the sons of men, and that hence, always choosing active agents for characters, he most definitely admires, among the qualities in the human soul, blind courage and obedience to duty.

The "case method," which has been made famous by the Harvard Law School and which has found a more or less wide acceptance throughout the country, is peculiarly well suited to that branch of law which governs the relations between nations. A quarter of a century ago Dr. Freeman Snow published an admirable case-book for this purpose. The cases were so well selected and condensed that the underlying principles stood forth clearly for the student; and the general subject was outlined in a very helpful syllabus of references to cases and textbook writers. Dr. Snow's volume was later edited and greatly expanded, though not in every respect improved for the student's use, by Prof. J. B. Scott. There has been a need for another case-book, especially in view of the rapid advance in the matter of arbitration and the accepted principles of International Law. Is this need met by the new "International Cases, Arbitrations, and Incidents Illustrative of International Law as Practiced by Independent States," Vol. I, edited by Ellery C. Stowell and Henry F. Munro (Houghton Mifflin; $2.50)? This first volume on Peace, presumably to be followed by one on War, contains only about two hundred selections, whereas the corresponding part of Scott's volume deals in about the same number of pages with some five hundred cases. Scott's Cases are nearly all real "cases," that is, decisions of the courts declaring actual law, at any rate for the parties to the suit. A considerable number of Stowell's selections are not cases at all, but are narratives of international episodes and arbitrations or summaries from Moore's "Digest of International Law." The volume is more like a book of "readings" to accompany a textbook of International Law, than a Simon-pure case-book meant to stand by itself. It might have been improved if some of the selections had been more condensed; if references had been made to more cases, particularly where there is a different or conflicting view of the law from that given in the selection chosen; and if the index had been made more complete and analytical. We may add, however, that these readings are often more spicy and dramatic than the solemn decisions handed down from the bench in Scott's Cases. They are in large part recent and fresh, and wisely give prominence to controversies decided by arbitration. Whether, however, the book will make a satisfactory substitute for Scott's Cases may be doubted. It is not sufficiently comprehensive, and it does not adequately indicate either the progress made in the development of International Law or the conflict of opinion which still obtains in regard to many phases of the subject in different countries.

J. S. Machar (born in 1864) is a Bohemian poet who has won fame by a revolt from the "poetry of boudoirs and marble halls," as that of Vrchlicky and his school has been termed, to a realistic and satiric style akin to that of prose fiction. Were it not for Professor Wiener's introductory note in his version of "Magdalen" (Mitchell Kennerley; $1.25 net), one would hardly suspect that the original was in verse. The book tells the story of a girl rescued from a brothel by a wealthy young dilettante, more from a sentimental whim than from any real desire to help her in her misery. In the world of respectability she meets only scorn and insult. At last, when even her rescuer, his sentimental philanthropy having lost its zest, shows his hidden brutality, the poor girl meditates suicide, but, her courage failing, returns to the house from which she has been taken. The strength of the book is not in the vague and sketchy portrait of the heroine, but in the picture of the world of petty interests and raging hatreds into which she is set free. Except for the shadowy Magdalen, the kindly old aunt of her rescuer is the one sympathetic and appealing figure in the tale. Particularly virulent satire is visited on the Bohemian "patriots," with their wordy appeals to a dead past. The volume is the first of a series of Slavic translations by Professor Wiener, which one may hope will continue as excellently as it has begun.

In the title of his book, "England and Germany. 1740-1914" (Princeton University Press; $2 net), Prof. Bernadotte Everly Schmitt, of Western Reserve University, promises to extend the perspective of European events much farther back than 1870; he implies that he will trace the course of Anglo-German relations methodically from 1740 to 1914. Unfortunately he does not fulfil this promise. He follows up his general Introduction with a chapter on Modern England and reaches his discussion of Gladstone's policies on the seventh page of the chapter. The third chapter, the German Empire, begins with events of 1848 (!) and hardly mentioning anything before that year discusses chiefly events of the reign of William II. German Expansion and Commercial Rivalry deal, of course, with the same period, and it is not until the sixth chapter that Professor Schmitt makes an effort at a logical presentation of Anglo-German relations prior to 1850. Even at this point his account is hesitating and incomplete. Much more might have been made of the relation between Frederick the Great and the two Georges, II and III, and not a word is said about Prussia and England in 1804 and 1805. In short, it is not at all clear why 1740 is named as a starting-point. Professor Schmitt is well informed, but bias in favor of England leads him more than once to a false perspective of German affairs, to inconsistencies of statement, and even to direct errors. This is true especially of his chapter on the German Empire. The Reichstag has not been dissolved five times (p. 38). It is certainly over-bold to assert (p. 40) that three of the four millions who voted for the Social-Democratic ticket in 1912 would have voted with one of the national parties if the realization of the Social-Democratic programme had

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seemed probable. Frederick William IV did remark that a sheet of paper should never thrust itself between the Lord God and his country (p. 42), but he said it in fear lest a constitution be forced upon him, in 1847, and not as a threat after a constitution had been adopted. Why is opposition to the Government on the part of the Conservatives "a thing unthinkable" (p. 43)? The Conservatives opposed the Government very vigorously in the early seventies; they hampered the Government seriously in the first half of the nineties, and indirectly they forced the resignation of Bülow in 1909. In the nineties William II was goaded by the opposition of the Conservatives to the angry outburst quoted by Professor Schmitt (p. 68): "an opposition of the Prussian nobility to their King is a monstrosity." Has William II really rid himself "of each [Chancellor], from Bismarck to Bülow, at the least sign of insubordination"? By no means. Bismarck was dismissed after several differences of opinion with the Emperor, Hohenlohe retired of his own volition on account of old age, and there is no evidence to prove that the Emperor even suggested the resignation of either Caprivi or Bülow.

Overstatement and bias are faults of Professor Schmitt's book, but it would not be worth while to make the above points against it if the book had no merits. The second half of the book is far better than the first half. Professor Schmitt discusses events of the last few years before the war with well-founded confidence, and he states the German side of recent Anglo-German rivalry and controversy with care and accuracy. His chapter on the Near East is an admirable piece of work. Also, with a fine sense of the dramatic, he describes the clearing sky of the spring of 1914 and, in sharp contrast with this, the sudden bolt from the blue which shattered European diplomacy. If all of Professor Schmitt's book were on the high level of his last chapters, few faults could be found in it. That Professor Schmitt has not given his best throughout the book, that the book therefore falls short of what it might have been, is cause of genuine regret.

Students of history will welcome the new (fifth) edition of J. H. Rose's "The Development of the European Nations, 1870-1914" (Putnam; $2.75). It is a reprint, identical as to paging and maps with the original edition of 1905, but contains three supplementary chapters and is published as two volumes in one at a reduced price. These supplementary chapters, The New Grouping of the Powers, Teuton versus Slav, and The Crisis of 1914, bring the narrative down to the beginning of the present war. They add little to what has already become familiar from the published diplomatic correspondence and from the studies of Headlam, Stowell, Rachfahl, and others, but they do explain in a brief, clear, unbiassed way the complex diplomatic moves which have been taking place since the epoch-making establishment of the Anglo-French Entente in 1904. Mr. Rose emphasizes the Kaiser's purpose of championing Islam by his relations with Abdul Hamid, the Bagdad project, and the Tangiers speech; all this, he thinks, was preparatory to stirring a hostile fanaticism among the millions of Moslem subjects of England and France. Though shaken for a moment by the Young Turk revolution, the Kaiser's influence soon waxed again at Constantinople, so that "the Ottoman Empire remained the despair of patriotic reformers, a hunting ground for Teutonic *concessionnaires*, a Hell for its Christian subjects, and the chief storm-centre of Europe." The main part of Mr. Rose's book needs little comment, as it has been favorably known for a decade. While it cannot be said to reach the high level of originality nor to rest on the solid foundations of documentary evidence (since the documents are mostly still secretly guarded) which distinguish his valuable studies on Napoleon and Pitt, it is nevertheless one of the most convenient summaries in English of European diplomatic history since the Franco-Prussian war. For it is of international relations which it mainly treats, not of the internal development of the nations, as the title might suggest. In particular, it gives a relatively full account of the two subjects which have caused most friction among the Powers—the partition of Africa and the Near Eastern crises arising from the decay of the Ottoman Power.

"The Hague Conventions and Declarations of 1899 and 1907," first edited in twenty different pamphlets by James Brown Scott for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, have been brought together in a single convenient volume (Oxford University Press; $1). Arrangement in parallel columns, marginal reference notes, a full index, and an introduction all tend to facilitate reference to these documents which have become so important because of the war. One wants to know what are the exact obligations of each nation. For this purpose the most valuable feature of the volume is the careful table showing precisely what nations have signed, adhered to, or ratified the various conventions and declarations, and precisely what reservations have been made in each case. The volume is thus less extensive than the similar one of Mr. A. Pearce Higgins (1909), in that it gives no commentary on the documents, gives only the English translation instead of adding the original French text, and does not contain the Declaration of London; but it is more up to date, the table of adhesions and ratifications having been verified by the State Department and by the Government at The Hague in December, 1914; it also gives in more complete form the text of the reservations.

Ray and Oliver Strachey have added an illuminating chapter to the History of the English East India Company by their account of "Keigwin's Rebellion" (Oxford Historical and Literary Studies, ed. C. H. Firth and Walter Raleigh, Vol. VI; 7s. 6d.). Sir William Hunter, in his "History of British India," gives only a page or two to this curious Bombay mutiny of 1683, by which Capt. Keigwin expelled the Honorable Company's civil officials, seized the island in the name of his Majesty the King, and so held it for nearly a year, in spite of all the company's efforts to regain it. This was the period when, according to Hunter, "two remarkable brothers obtained an ascendency in the company's counsels—Sir Josia Child at home and Sir John Child in India." In his account of "the Child brothers" Hunter reiterates some of the errors of earlier writers, particularly of that violent partisan, Alexander Hamilton, an old "interloper," whose "New Account of the East Indies" is a perfect storehouse of scandalous libels against the company's officials. We are apt to regard Hunter as an unquestioned authority on the East India Company, but the authors of "Keigwin's Rebellion" show that his generally admirable bird's-eye view suffers at this point from the defects inevitable to an historian who attempts a general *résumé* before the ground has been sufficiently worked over. From their researches in the Herald's office in London they show undoubtedly that "the Child brothers" were not brothers at all; they were not even relatives, and never saw each other. It was a mere coincidence in names that Sir Josia Child, whose appearance as a London merchant instead of as Emperor of China or the Great Mogul seems an error of Providence, exercised his despotic rule over the company in Leadenhall Street during the same years that Sir John was trying to rule at Surat and Bombay. John, instead of being the strong character whom Hunter describes, was the weak and subservient agent of Josia. He was forced to pursue an unwise tradesman's policy of retrenchment in disarmament quite incompatible with what a vigorous captain like Keigwin knew to be necessary for the prestige and security of the English in the crumbling Empire of the Moguls. The rebellion, of which the authors are the first to give the correct details, is an episode which supports the dictum that India must be governed from India, and not from England. The volume also contains a lively picture of the English settlement and trade on the west coast of India in the second half of the seventeenth century—the powerful but corruptible Mogul Governor, the troublesome interlopers from England, and the dangerous neighboring Mahrattas, Siddees, and Sanganye pirates.

Recent works on the hope of Immortality show divergencies from the ordinary arguments on the subject. Thus, "The Gift of Immortality" (Houghton Mifflin; $1), by Rev. Dr. Charles Lewis Slattery, dwells on the beneficent influences of the expectation of a future life. Such expectation, says the author, gives largeness to one's view of life, and promotes peace, the vigor of action, and devotion to the highest ethical ideal. This is the "pragmatic" argument—the truth of the belief is known by its results. As to the fact that God has not chosen to enlighten men concerning the nature of the future life, Dr. Slattery observes that this divine decision doubtless involves a wise purpose—perhaps we are not prepared to profit by such disclosure. This unpretentious little volume is marked by good judgment and a good spirit.

A quite different line of thought is pursued in "The Meaning of Personal Life" (Scribner; $2), by Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth. The results of recent biological discussion are here given in considerable detail for the purpose of asking whether there is any causal connection between man's individual mental life and the bodily conditions that accompany it. His painstaking examination of the biological facts has convinced him that no such causal connection exists. Dr. Smyth has occasion to discuss some of the most mysterious facts of human life, and he shows everywhere wide reading and a judicial habit of thought. He is mainly concerned to set aside scientific objections to the conception of a future life. Such life, he holds, must have some sort of bodily framework; as to the nature of this framework he does not commit himself, but is content to state the possibilities in the case.

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The highest development of personality he finds in Jesus of Nazareth, to whom he ascribes not only what is given of Jesus's words and acts in the Gospels (including the Fourth Gospel), but also whatever of high spiritual life has emerged in Christian history and experience. A good deal of the biological material here adduced is of a technical nature and its bearing on the question at issue can hardly be properly estimated by non-specialists, but the author's general line of argument is clearly set forth, and will awaken serious consideration of the great questions discussed.

The character and aims of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America are set forth by its president, Dr. S. Schechter, in his little volume, "Seminary Addresses and Other Papers" (Cincinnati: Ark Publishing Co.). The Seminary, as its charter states, is devoted to the study of the Old Testament and the Talmud, the maintenance of the Jewish religion and Jewish ideals, and the training of Jewish ministers of religion. The scheme of study, according to Dr. Schechter's view, does not exclude attention to modern non-Jewish literature and science; these, he holds, may be intellectually broadening, and they will naturally be used in illustration of Jewish thought. The Zionist movement is not endorsed by the Seminary, which leaves its students free in their attitude towards the movement; but the president himself is wholly in sympathy with it, believing that a main duty of Jews, at the present time, is to work for the development of the Jewish nationalistic spirit, and in general for the maintenance of the traditional Judaism. This volume is dedicated to Dr. Cyrus Adler, President of the Philadelphia Dropsie College, which also deals largely, though in a critical way, with Jewish ancient and modern literature. Dr. Schechter cordially dislikes the methods of the Cincinnati Hebrew College, which represents the temper of the Reform movement now visible throughout the Jewish world, and particularly in this country. With individual members of the Reform he appears to have no quarrel, but he opposes their results with the same ardor that he shows in speaking of the scholars who presume to reconstruct the text of the Old Testament and the advocates of the doctrine of Evolution, who, he thinks, are in danger of pushing that theory to an extreme unpleasant to a conservative mind. The articles in this volume are well written—they are enthusiastic in support of their theme, but generally kindly in tone, as kindly at least as can be expected in a work directed against what the author believes to be an attempt to destroy the foundations of a cherished national life. Besides the articles dealing with Jewish thought and life, there are three of a general character, among them an excellent study of Abraham Lincoln.

The Champlain Society has issued the third and last volume of Knox's "Historical Journal of the Campaigns in North America," edited by Arthur G. Doughty, the Dominion Archivist. This volume contains the appendix, list of works consulted, and a very full index. In the appendix Dr. Doughty has brought together a number of documents bearing on the campaigns of 1757-1760, from the Public Record Office, the Dominion Archives, and other sources. Among these documents are the Journals of Amherst, Murray, and Vauquelin; the Memoires of Montcalm, and de Lévis; MacKellar's Report on Quebec, Sir William Johnson's private diary; Letter of a French officer of the garrison of Louisbourg; and various papers relating to the capitulation of Fort Frontenac, Murray's expedition above Quebec in August, 1759, the surrender of Quebec, etc. Altogether, Dr. Doughty has produced an admirable piece of editorial work, accurate and scholarly. He has spared no pains to include in this volume every document essential to a full understanding of the events described in Knox's Journal, and has shown excellent judgment in his own historical notes, finding the difficult mean between inadequacy and overloading. The illustrations include several facsimiles of rare documents and five maps.

The last two numbers of the *American Journal of International Law* (those for April and July) contain, as usual, a large amount of valuable material. The opening article of the April number is of particular interest, being Mr. Root's presidential address at the tenth annual meeting of the society whose organ the *Journal* is. The subject of this address was the declaration on "The Rights and Duties of Nations" of another society, newly founded, the American Institute of International Law. The composition of the new society is interesting and holds in it the promise of much valuable work, for it consists of delegates selected, to a limited number, from societies of all the American countries. The Institute was founded, Mr. Root explained, with no idea of competition with the Institut de Droit International, which selects its members from all civilized countries, but for the discussion of those international questions that specially affect the American republics. The first postulate laid down by the Institute, commonplace of international law though it be, is a good augury for the aims of the new society: each individual nation has the same right as every other nation, and no state is justified in seeking any national object, however desirable, by the commission of an unlawful act against other states. Other topics discussed in this number are our Mexican relations, the negotiations between China and Japan in 1915, the treatment of enemy vessels in belligerent ports at the outbreak of war, and the duty of nations not involved to protest against violation of the rules and principles of international law generally accepted.

In the July number special interest attaches to the separately printed supplement of 110 pages. Here are printed in great detail regulations of several countries governing the visits of men-of-war to foreign ports, and correspondence, reproduced from texts furnished by the Department of State, between Mexico and the United States regarding the punitive expedition and Villa's attack on the American garrison at Columbus. The correspondence with the de-facto Government of Mexico covers the period from March 9, the date of Carothers's notification of the raid on Columbus, to June 20, when Mr. Lansing returned a negative reply to Aguilar's long communication of May 22 requesting the withdrawal of the American troops. In view of recent oratory from both parties, it is interesting to note the form of Mr. Lansing's refusal, towards the end of his communication: "If the Government of Mexico cannot protect the lives and property of Americans exposed to attack from Mexico, the Government of the United States is in duty bound, so far as it can, to do so." In the *Journal* itself we have two careful articles on the sale of munitions of war by the subjects of neutral countries, and an elaborate paper, translated from the Spanish of Salvador Rodriguez Gonzales on the "Neutrality of Honduras and the Question of the Gulf of Fonseca." An informing editorial article by Dr. David Jayne Hill, who has recently joined the editorial board, discusses the case of the Sussex, approving the attitude of the United States, but reaching the conclusion, fully warranted, it would seem, by recent occurrences, that none of the questions involved has received a final solution. Another editorial, by the editor-in-chief, considers in illuminating fashion proposed amendments to the neutrality laws of the United States.

Gift Books

Evidently the usual output at this season of handsome editions to serve as "gift" books has been checked by the war. There are no importations of this kind of book, and only a few American publishers have attempted to fill their place. One of these is the Penn Publishing Company, which brings out two extremely handsome volumes. Of these one is the story of "The Princess Pocahontas," agreeably set forth by Virginia Watson, and plentifully illustrated with full-page colored plates and chapter decorations by George Wharton Edwards. The book is handsomely printed, and is in every way excellent of its kind. The price is $2.50 net.

The other is "Vanished Towers and Chimes of Flanders," a volume which the Penn Publishing Co. has also done well to issue at this time ($5 net). Mr. George Wharton Edwards, who is responsible for both the text and the full-page colored plates, knows his subject well, and has earned the gratitude of the many who will increasingly cherish reminders of this picturesque region as it existed before it was ravaged by the war. Here will be found in undisturbed peace the notable features of Dixmude, Ypres, Louvain, Douai, Oudenaarde, to mention but a few of the now conspicuous towns. The book is very handsomely published.

From Scribners comes an attractively printed edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Black Arrow" ($2.25 net), vigorously illustrated, with full-page colored plates, by N. C. Wyeth.

The war is responsible for two volumes which make appropriate gift books. "France: Her People and Her Spirit" is the title of an informing book by Laurence Jerrold, written with the sympathy and insight that characterize this author's writings on France. It is copiously illustrated, and is published by Bobbs-Merrill Co. ($3 net). In "Stirring Deeds of Britain's Sea-Dogs" (McBride; $1.50 net) Harold F. B. Wheeler has compiled a good record of the more conspicuous actions, both by sea and land, in which the naval forces of Great Britain have played a part during the present war. The attractiveness of the volume is enhanced by numerous illustrations. To the tragedy of war also is ascribed the publication by the Oxford University Press of an anthology of verse, with the title "The Book of Sorrow." It is an admirably

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chosen selection by Andrew Macphail, which in this time of universal sorrow will no doubt bring comfort to many mourning hearts. In another way, the war no doubt plays a part in the inspiration of books like John Martin Hammond's "Winter Journeys in the South" (Lippincott; $3.50 net), which serve to remind home-bound Americans of the advantages in climate and natural attractions possessed by sections of their own country.

An attractive edition of Benjamin Franklin's "Autobiography," edited by Frank Woodworth Pine and illustrated by E. Boyd Smith, is brought out by Henry Holt & Co. ($2 net). Two thin volumes, "The Wise Man's Story," by Albert E. Bailey (Pilgrim Press; 75 cents net), and "When the Yule Log Burns," by Leona Dalrymple (McBride; 60 cents), contain Christmas stories of some merit.

The Macmillans, in publishing John Masefield's "Salt Water Poems and Ballads," in a pleasantly decorated volume ($2 net), have put a desirable gift book within the reach of many. It contains twenty colored plates and twenty plates in black and white by Charles Pears.

The Hales, who by a volume on New England recently added fresh interest to that well-trodden section of the country, have now turned South, and equally engage the reader by another product of their talents, Louise Closser Hale attending to the text and Walter Hale providing the attractive drawings ("We Discover the Old Dominion"; Dodd, Mead; $2.50 net). Narrative and drawings alike are conceived in a holiday spirit of banter; the book throughout is pleasantly informing.

In "The Site of Saint Paul's Cathedral, Boston, and its Neighborhood" (Badger; $3.50 net) the author, Dr. Robert Means Lawrence, has performed the commendable task of tracing the ownership of a most interesting tract of land from 1630 to 1820, the date at which St. Paul's Church was erected. The names Tremont, Winter, West, and Washington Streets, the boundaries of the plot, will in themselves sufficiently convey to any one familiar with Boston the rich traditions in which this volume deals.

A fascinating book is "Old Seaport Towns of New England" (Dodd, Mead; $2.50 net), in which Hildegarde Hawthorne dips into the history and customs of Portland, Portsmouth, Newburyport, Salem, Marblehead, Provincetown, and other ports north and south of Boston which have furnished traditions precious to any one loving the old, sturdy, seafaring types. The volume makes no pretence of being a formal history; it is "more in the nature of an afternoon tea chat."

"The Book of Boston," which is written by Robert Shackleton and issued by the Penn Publishing Co. ($2 net), is an informal guide to Boston and near-lying towns of New England. The author approaches his subject lovingly, with a view to inculcating in the younger generation, and renewing in others, a respect and reverence for the best traditions of this section. The narrative is spiced by a generous supply of anecdotes, and there are a goodly number of attractive illustrations by R. L. Boyer.

The renaissance through which Ireland has been passing makes timely Mr. Padraic Colum's romance, "The King of Ireland's Son." As a conscious bit of archaizing this series of magical adventures, connected by a slender thread of story, is decidedly good. Mr. Colum is sufficiently versed in authentic Irish legend to prevent him in his own inventions from sinning against the underlying spirit of Irish romance. The book, which is charmingly illustrated by Willy Pogany, may be turned over with profit to children, yet parents will be tempted, after the "children's hour," to dip into it too. It is published by Holt ($2 net).

The Season's Output of Juvenile Books

"Pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral." So classifies Polonius, and one feels inclined to adopt similar composite categories in attempting to sort out into some semblance of orderly arrangement the heterogeneous mass of children's books which annually at this season come from the presses. The tragical is happily lacking, but all of Polonius's other classifications, and many others, are well represented.

In sheer bulk a glance at the shelves would seem to indicate the predominance of what may be described as the "comical-pastoral." For the entertainment of young children, in particular, authors appear to turn instinctively to the animal world. Almost every beast that came out of the ark serves its turn, but the milder creatures—dogs, cats, rabbits, and mice—seem to be the favorites, as they have always been. Thus we have an instructive series detailing the admirable example set by the "Nixie Bunnies" respectively in "Manners-Land," in "Workaday-Land," and in "Holiday-Land." These three volumes are by Joseph Sindelar, attractively illustrated by Helen Geraldine Hodge, and published by the Beckley-Cardy Company, of Chicago. Another series, suitable for boys and girls of from four to twelve years of age, that illustrates entertainingly and in very elementary fashion the habits of all manner of animals, both those on the earth and those in the waters under the earth, is written by Thornton W. Burgess. Four more of these Bedtime Story Books (Little, Brown; 50 cents each) are published this year, recording the adventures respectively of "Prickly Porky," "Buster Bear," "Old Man Coyote," and "Old Mr. Toad." The same author adds another volume to his Old Mother West Wind series with "Mother West Wind 'How' Stories" ($1 net), appropriately dedicated to "the cause of conservation of wild life."

The purpose of "Forest Neighbors," by W. D. Hulbert (Row, Peterson), is more frankly informative, and the tales of buck, beaver, porcupines, and lynx are well told. "Half-True Stories," written and illustrated by Stanton Davis Kirkham, is an attractive volume for young children, which again combines with entertainment some instruction in the habits of animals. The drawings are particularly good. The volume is published by Paul Elder & Company, of San Francisco. Old fables, many of them from La Fontaine, are retold in Madge A. Bigham's "Merry Animal Tales" (Little, Brown; 75 cents net), and "Animal Folk Tales" is a well-planned volume, designed primarily for reading in schools, by Anne A. Stanley (American Book Company). "Little White Fox and His Arctic Friends," by Roy J. Snell (Little, Brown; 75 cents net), may be favorably mentioned as keeping close to nature. Albert Bigelow Paine continues his stories about the Hollow Tree with "Hollow Tree Nights and Days" (Harper; $1.50 net). For very young children we list the following: "The Tale of Tibby and Tabby," by Ada M. Skinner (Duffield); "Bunny Rabbit's Diary," by Mary Frances Blaisdell (Little, Brown; 40 cents); "The Graymouse Family," by Nellie M. Leonard (Crowell; 50 cents); "Work-a-Day Doings on the Farm," by Emma Serl (Silver, Burdett), and "The Clever Mouse," by S. G. S. Perry (Paul Elder). This is a convenient place also to notice two attractive volumes for small people, in which animals again play a not inconspicuous part: "Aunt Sadie's Rhymes and Rhyme-Stories" (Dutton; $1.25 net) is a book of simple and not unimaginative verses suitable for reading aloud and illustrated with the plain line drawings that children love; "Stories to Tell the Littlest Ones" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.50 net) is a mélange of prose and verse by Sara Cone Bryant, with illustrations by Willy Pogany. For older children we find a real dog story of not a little merit in "Baldy of Nome," the true tale of an Alaskan sled dog, by Esther Birdsall Darling (Penn Publishing Company; $1.75 net).

Expanding our categories a trifle, we welcome several volumes as historical, historical-fictional, fictional-informational, and historical-fictional-informational. A book that will undoubtedly command a ready sale is Harold F. B. Wheeler's "Boy's Life of Lord Kitchener" (Crowell), a competent piece of work, in which the main facts and the most essential details of a great career are well told. For intelligent boys of any age, from, say, fourteen to twenty, it should be a welcome present. Samuel Clemens's biographer, Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, has performed a real service to the younger generation by condensing his Boswellian knowledge of his subject into a handy volume, entitled "The Boy's Life of Mark Twain" (Harper; $1.25 net). The boyhood of another distinguished American man of letters, Edmund Clarence Stedman, whose life almost exactly coincided with that of Mark Twain (he was both older than Mark Twain and predeceased him by two years), is recorded with considerable charm by Margaret Fuller in "A New England Childhood" (Little, Brown; $1.50 net). Still another biographical volume is Mary H. Wade's "Pilgrims of To-day" (Little, Brown; $1 net), which tells the story of seven distinguished Americans not of the original stock, John Muir, Jacob Riis, Mary Antin, Edward Alfred Steiner, Carl Schurz, Nathan Straus, and Joseph Pulitzer. Fictional in form, but historical in essence, is a daintily told little fancy by Cornelia Meigs, entitled "Master Simon's Garden" (Macmillan; $1.25), in which the atmosphere of early Colonial days in New England is well caught. Lucy Fitch Perkins goes back a great deal further than this with her "Cave Twins" (Houghton Mifflin; $1 net), which is designed to give small people some idea of how their remote ancestors may have lived. The dainty illustrations are, we fear, more attractive than is scientifically accurate. Two volumes calculated to give enviable thrills to healthy boyhood are published by Lippincott ($1.25 net each), E. Keble Chatterton's "Daring Deeds of Famous Pirates" and Ernest Young's "Daring Deeds of Hunters and Trappers." In quiet contrast to these, we may mention another of the David stories published by the Pilgrim Press, "Uncle David's Little Nephew," by Emma C.

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Cram (75 cents net), which depicts life as it was on a New England farm in the period just before and during the Civil War. A word of special commendation must be given to an excellent edition of Sir Thomas Malory's "King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table," brought out by Macmillan ($1.50). Edited by Clifton Johnson and illustrated by Rodney Thomson, it is a volume of handy size, printed in most agreeable type. It is one of the small number of books that every child ought to read, and that very few children nowadays do read.

Of new editions of children's classics we find surprisingly few this year. This is no doubt in part a result of the economies of war-time, for many of the fine editions of such books are imported, and presumably the demand in England just now for "gift" books is not large. From Dodd, Mead & Co. we have received a handsome edition of Charles Kingsley's "The Water-Babies," illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith ($3 net). Harper's have brought out an attractive edition of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," with illustrations by Louis Rhead ($1.50), uniform in style with their "Treasure Island" of last year. For the rest, the classics are represented by "The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children," a good selection, made by Kenneth Grahame; by an edition of Ruskin's "The King of the Golden River" (Ginn), with new illustrations by Hiram P. Barnes, which endeavor, not without success, to preserve the spirit of Doyle's drawings, and by (of all things) "A Child's Robinson Crusoe," prepared by William Lewis Nida and Stella Humphrey Nida (Beckley-Cardy Co.). The denaturing of "Robinson Crusoe" hardly strikes us as a happy idea. Why spoil the delight of the child's discovery when old enough to appreciate the original? Perhaps we should also class under the classical heading an admirable compilation by Edith Emerson Forbes of "Favourites of a Nursery of Seventy Years Ago" (Houghton Mifflin; $2 net). In glancing through this volume, a strong conviction is confirmed that in children's literature, as in many other departments of life, the old things are the best.

Of Christmas stories pure and simple, first place must be accorded to Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's delicate little story of the Nativity, "The Little Hunchback Zia" (Stokes; 75 cents net). We include this among children's books, as it is admirably adapted for reading aloud, but it will win most appreciation from older people. "Angel Unawares" (Harper; 50 cents net) is a pretty little story, the setting of which is in France, and the time the tragic present, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Kate Douglas Wiggin tells an old-fashioned Christmas story in "The Romance of a Christmas Card" (Houghton Mifflin; $1 net). "And Thus He Came," described as "a Christmas fantasy," by Cyrus Townsend Brady (Putnam; $1 net), contains some poignant short sketches in illustration of the old faith in modern instances. Though not Christmas books, we may conveniently mention here the King's Highway series, eight volumes, published by Macmillan (55 to 75 cents), and prepared by E. Hershey Sneath, George Hodges, and Henry Hallam Tweedy, which embody, in the words of the preface, "a graded system of elementary moral and religious training for the home and private school." The method is that of the story, and the volumes contain "subject-matter relating to the virtues and vices peculiar to the age of children of the respective school grades." Less ambitious and more elementary, but having a similar moral purpose, is Carolyn Sherwin Bailey's "Stories for Sunday Telling" (Pilgrim Press; $1 net).

Returning again to our categories, we find a few volumes that may be classed as vacational-educational. Very elementary is the series of dramatic readers published by the World Book Company under the general title Chain Stories and Playlets. "Everyday Number Stories," issued by the same publishers, contain practical lessons in elementary arithmetic. "Number Stories," by A. G. Deming (Beckley-Cardy Company), is a rather more advanced exposition of the ideal known as "socializing arithmetic." "New thought" is responsible for "Little Builders," by Dorothy Greenside (Dodge Publishing Company). Four small paper volumes make up a series of elementary readers, entitled Easy Road to Reading, by Louise Beecher Chancellor, published by the World Book Company (12 cents each), while for children in the third or fourth year at school we have "Merry Tales," by E. L. and A. M. Skinner (American Book Company). Thomas B. Weaver's "New School Songs" is a collection published by the Beckley-Cardy Company. The motto "Safety First" is ingerminated by "Sure Pop and the Safety Scouts," by Roy Rutherford Bailey (World Book Company). The device of affixing picture stamps in spaces left for their reception is employed in two sets, "The Owlet Library," of ten volumes (Dutton; $1 net), and "The Know About Library," of twenty volumes (Dutton). "Wonderdays and Wonderways through Flowerland," by Grace Tabor (McBride; $1.50 net), happily combines entertainment with instruction in the art of garden-making. "Woodwork for Little Folks," by Frank H. Pierce (Scribner), is a practical volume, the title of which explains itself. Moral and cultural instruction, encyclopædic in character, is conveyed in Dr. W. B. Forbush's "Young Folks' Book of Ideals" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard; $2 net), which is intended for the guidance and information of young people of any age from twelve to twenty.

In the fictional division scouting is represented by three volumes: "The Boy Scouts of the Shenandoah," by Byron A. Dunn (McClurg; $1.10); "Three in a Camp," by Mary P. Wells Smith, and "Drake of Troop One," by Isabel Hornibrook. The last two are published by Little, Brown ($1.20 and $1.25, respectively), and are suitable respectively for children under twelve and for boys of twelve years and upwards. "Jungle Chums" is the title of a story of adventure for boys, the scene of which is laid in British Guiana. A. Hyatt Verrill is the author and Henry Holt & Co. the publishers ($1.35 net). "Apauk, Caller of Buffalo" is an Indian story by James Willard Schultz (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25 net). A dog is the hero of the first story in "Pilot and Other Stories," by Harry Plunket Greene (Macmillan; $2). For girls we have Molly Elliot Seawell's last book, "Betty at Ford Blizzard," a sequel to her well-remembered "Betty's Virginia Christmas" (Lippincott; $1.50 net); "Little Mother," a Pollyannaesque story, by Ruth Brown MacArthur (Penn Publishing Company; $1.50 net), and "Phyllis McPhilemy," a school story by May Baldwin (Dutton). For either sex, if not more than fifteen years old, there is Patten Beard's "Jolly Year" (Pilgrim Press; $1 net). "The Rose Child," by Johanna Spyri, is a Swiss tale (Crowell; 50 cents net).

Fairy stories and volumes for young children not elsewhere mentioned we have space only to list briefly: The Fairy Gold series (separate small volumes of recognized fairy tales published by Dutton; eight volumes; $1); "A Russian Garland of Fairy Tales," translated from the Russian, edited by Robert Steele, and illustrated by J. R. de Rosciszewski (McBride; $1.50 net); "Wonder Tales Retold," by Katharine Pyle (Little, Brown; $1.35 net); "The Tin Owl Stories," by William Rose (Holt; $1.40 net); "Peter Pan," retold from Barrie's play, edited by Frederick Orville Perkins (Silver, Burdett); "Betty's Beautiful Nights," by M. W. W. Fenner (Putnam); "In the Land of Make Believe," by E. Boyd Smith (Holt); Will Bradley's "Wonder Box Stories" (Century; $1 net); "Mother Goose Children," by Etta Austin and Mary Frances Blaisdell (Little, Brown; 50 cents net); "The Way to the House of Santa Claus," by Frances Hodgson Burnett (Harper); "Morning Face—Her Book," by Gene Stratton Porter (Doubleday, Page; $2 net); "The Dot Mystery," by Clifford Leon Sherman (Houghton Mifflin; $1 net).

The list closes with a useful book on "Games and Parties for Children," by Grace Lee Davison (Little, Brown; $1 net), and with four volumes of plays or operas especially adapted for performance by children, viz., "Twelve Plays for Children" (Beckley-Cardy Co.; 30 cents); Lady Gregory's "The Golden Apple, a Play for Kiltartan Children" (Putnam); "Fairy Operettas," by Laura E. Richards (Little, Brown; $1 net), and "St. Nicholas Book of Plays and Operettas" (second series; Century; $1 net).

Science

SOME BOOKS ON FARMING.

A Living from Eggs and Poultry. By Herbert W. Brown. New York: Orange Judd Co. 75 cents net.

The Story of Agriculture in the United States. By Albert H. Sanford. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $1 net.

Agriculture: A Text for the School and the Farm. By O. H. Benson and George Herbert Betts. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3 net.

Fertilizers: The Source, Character, and Composition of Natural, Home-Made, and Manufactured Fertilizers, and Suggestions as to Their Use for Different Crops and Conditions. By the late Edward B. Voorhees. Revised edition by John H. Voorhees. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Text-Book of Land Drainage. By Joseph H. Jeffery. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

"A Living from Eggs and Poultry" is a sensible and readable account of the experiences of a back-to-the-lander who in a few years has developed a profitable poultry business out of small capital and less experience. It is not a book for the expert, but a word of advice and encouragement for beginners. The writer says he did not know a Leghorn from a Wyandotte at the beginning of his experiment. And he does not profess to have found the path to those large

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profits—six or eight dollars per fowl—which professional hen-boosters allege. His own figures show a net return of from $1.50 to $2. A flock of 500 to 750 birds, therefore, and a flock skilfully cared for, is necessary to bring an income of $1,000. Certain vulgar errors are here promptly disposed of: "When eggs are quoted at 4 or 5 cents each it is only natural that the uninitiated should think there is lots of money in chickens, or that they are being mulcted for the poultryman's benefit; but if they could look in on the poultryman at this time they would see the majority gathering about one-tenth of the eggs gathered when the price is 2½ to 3 cents each. At this time it is discouraging to know that you are feeding a dollar a day and getting only 10 cents in return. Then it is that Mr. Poultryman needs a great gift of patience and of hope for better things to come, and it requires determination of a higher order to work as faithfully as when the hens are making some returns." In a similarly sensible strain the author goes on to detail his own methods and their moderate success. It ought to be a good book for the beginner, whom works of the exhaustive and scientific sort too often fail to edify, and whom gallinaceous flapdoodle too often succeeds in befooling.

Among books connected with farming as a whole there is usually the fairly clear distinction between books of general information and interest and books of technical knowledge. A good example of the first type is the present "Story of Agriculture in the United States," which gives a simple, compact, and well-balanced survey of its large field. The writer is particularly happy in his earlier chapters, which describe the beginnings of farming among the earliest American settlers in the North, South, and West. The importance of Indian corn to the Pilgrims is an item of interest. How it saved them in the first winters, how the Indians taught them to grow it, with a fish planted in each hill for fertilizer, and how certain communistic experiments in caring for the crop failed, because some of the saints would loaf on the job—such items our writer chronicles with demure relish. Community life, if not communism, prevailed in the North. The Yankee village, with its house-lots and outlying farm lands and common lands, was a unit imported from England, where the same system had prevailed for centuries. In the South, on the contrary, agriculture followed the course of the rivers, and the plantation rather than the village became the common unit. Everywhere primitive methods of tillage survived till within less than a century of our own time. There was little notion of conserving the soil, or of working it to the best advantage even for the moment. There is an interesting chapter on Washington as a farmer which shows him well in advance of his time, anxious not only to develop his own Virginia estate intelligently, but to rescue American agriculture from its haphazard and wasteful methods. He knew all that was known in his day—and it was much more than is even now generally practiced—about rotation, fertilization, and clover and root crops. He used the best tools obtainable abroad, and it is a notable fact that both Washington and Jefferson—like Webster, years later—attempted by study and experiment to improve the plough, which has become a perfect tool only within a generation. The rapid growth of extensive farming in the West by reason of the invention of the gang-plough and the harvester; the rise of the cattle industry; the new fields thrown open by irrigation and dry-farming; the strong new movement towards the scientific handling of soils and crops under all sorts of special conditions—all these matters of primary interest to the student of agriculture are sensibly and readably sketched here. The concluding chapters have to do with the specific conditions of life on a modern farm, problems of labor and marketing—the general problem of farming as a business that must succeed or fail according to principles which govern other sorts of business.

"Agriculture: A Text for the School and the Farm" is, as the sub-title indicates, a manual for special use. "The present volume," says the preface, "attempts what has not yet been accomplished in elementary texts on agriculture—to give not only classroom lessons and instruction, but definite suggestions and outlines in both methods and agencies of extension education by combining practical information with concrete home and school projects to be carried out by the pupils." The method is to give after each chapter of information a list of "topics for investigation," or "demonstrations," or "play contests," or "club projects," which shall assure practical work on the part of the pupil. There is a vast deal of material touched upon between these covers, but it is not always clear upon what principle it is organized and distributed. It is odd to find in an agricultural textbook a chapter of eight pages given to Garden and Orchard Sprays and a chapter of forty-three pages given to Home Canning. Nor is there always an evident relation between the pictures, for the most part excellent in themselves, and the text. For example, in the chapter on The Clovers we find a full-page picture of a stand of sweet clover, a variety which is just now being widely experimented with, while it is not even mentioned in the text. Such slips, however, are doubtless inevitable in a book which attempts to crowd so much matter within so small compass. This volume does pretty much all that can be done in 500 pages towards a manual of information, of laboratory experiment, and of field practice. Whether the feat is worth attempting, remains a question.

Professor Voorhees's standard work on "Fertilizers" in the Rural Science series has been revised and brought to date. It is not a "popular" book, in the sense of attempting to make the subject of fertilizers diverting, nor does it hesitate (as the handbook just mentioned does) to employ a scientific terminology. But it is quite as "readable" as a serious treatise on such a subject can afford to be, and presents compactly and thoroughly just the sort of well-balanced discussion of fertilizing problems that the progressive farmer needs. In such discussions, as they go on fragmentarily in bulletins and reports and agricultural journals, one may easily be confused by the development on all sides of general theories from special conditions. Everybody must use lime. Liming is a mistake. Always use cover crops. Never leave an inch of land bare over winter—cover crops may exhaust the soil as well as other crops. Why not grow sweet clover? Easier to succeed with than alfalfa, and more valuable. Sweet clover is a weed and the stock don't like it! Such a volume as this in the hands of the farmer will give him something to refer to with a fair probability of straightening out the perplexities caused by all this partial theorizing and darkening of counsel. Especial emphasis is laid upon the need of fitting the fertilizer employed to the character of the particular soil and climate and crop involved. In a sense, every acre is a problem by itself, and must be studied intelligently in order to be solved absolutely. With regard to the items we have cited, for example, the author cautions against generalization. Lime is ordinarily of value for its effect upon the soil structure and for its indirect chemical action, but should be used with due regard to the amount required in the particular instance, and to the fact that its free use is actually unfavorable to certain crops. Green manuring is a useful means of conserving and restoring soil-fertility, but only the legumes make direct contributions of fertilizer; the others, rye and the rest, actually consume nitrogen, though they may prevent loss from leaching and add non-nitrogenous humus to the soil, thus improving it mechanically. And so on—the student with his actual problem may count upon finding somewhere in this treatise the means of solution, rather than a mere choice of formulæ. The book contains, however, numerous valuable tables and illustrations.

"Text-Book of Land Drainage" is a new volume in another series edited by Prof. L. H. Bailey, the Rural Text-Book series. The author's Preface expresses the belief that much of the ill-success in farming commonly laid to bad management, over-cropping, and loss of soil fertility is really due to ignorance of the principles of drainage. "In the preparation of the material for the volume an attempt has been made to put into simple and concise terms the fundamentals of our knowledge concerning the relation of drainage to soil water. The practical farmer has been in mind much more than the engineer." After the opening chapters, which deal with the characteristics of soils and their physical interrelations, the volume confines itself to practical problems and methods of drainage. There is an appendix setting forth various experiments for laboratory practice.

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Drama

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS.

From obscure beginnings the Washington Square Players have developed into a company which, in its pleasant home at the Comedy Theatre, is commanding serious attention. From the outset this organization in its search for plays, whether American or foreign, attempted to promote a drama of ideas. Some of the selections, it must be confessed, were exotic rather than thoughtful. But the policy did succeed in conveying the impression that drama on this stage was taken seriously, and resulted in several arresting programmes. The revolutionary character of the ideas to which the company turns by predilection has had its share in gaining an audience.

The present bill shows a nice balance of the sober and the gay. There is carefully detailed and successful realism in Susan Glaspell's "Trifles"; there is the more spectacular Oriental variety of realism in the Japanese "Bushido." And these are interlarded by Lawrence Langner's experiment in Shavian pyrotechnics, "Another Way Out," and by a rollicking bit of cynical speculation called "Altruism," which has been translated from the German of Karl Ettlinger. "Trifles," which is a sombre story of a tragedy on a Middle Western farm, is saved from the drab by a pretty bit of fancy. A farmer has been found strangled in bed, and, since no evidence has been discovered pointing to an outside agency, the wife has been hurried off to jail. The play opens, after her detention, with a search of the house. While this is going on, two farmers' wives go through the "trifles" by which the poor woman sought to distract herself in the midst of her hard lot, and in her sewing-bag discover, carefully placed in a box, the woman's pet canary, whose neck has been wrung, evidently by her husband. The motive of the crime is thus revealed. The women conceal it, however, from the detectives. Though the technique of the construction is not without faults, the central episode is worked out with a sure touch.

The two lighter plays are "trifles," too, but the first, an experiment in free love, is particularly welcome, since it reveals Greenwich Village laughing at itself. "Bushido," a Japanese historical tragedy of the eighteenth century, by Takeda Izumo, translated and adapted by M. C. Marcus, is surprisingly gripping in its human appeal, considering the fact that the present democratic age might be supposed to render an audience unsympathetic to a play based upon sheer loyalty to a liege-lord. Taking into account the difficulties of presentation, "Bushido" was remarkably well given. F.

"OUR LITTLE WIFE."

There is no necessity to comment extensively on this attempt by Avery Hopwood to write a farce in the French manner. It is produced by Selwyn & Company at the Harris Theatre, and Miss Margaret Illington, an actress of distinction and considerable power in emotional rôles, is miscast in the part of a flippant, flirtatious woman. Miss Illington is incapable of giving anything but an artistic performance, but her selection for this particular rôle was a decided error in judgment. An American author striving conscientiously to be naughty and suggestive in the Parisian style usually comes to grief, and Mr. Hopwood is no exception to the rule. The improprieties of the piece strike one as stodgy rather than as particularly shocking, and the few innuendoes that there are, so far from brightening the play, cast a pall over it. It would be more amusing without them. The art of impropriety requires for its success a state of mind alike in author, players, and audience which in America we have failed to achieve. The construction of the play, the sole point of which is the constitutional inability of a married woman to resist exercising her fascinations on everything in trousers that comes her way, is not without skill, and the second act contains many amusing situations, but it may be doubted whether the piece will enjoy more than a fleeting success. It is competently acted by a company that includes Walter Jones, Lowell Sherman, Effingham Pinto, and Robert Fischer.

S. W.

"THE 13TH CHAIR."

The jaded palate of New York was treated to something of a sensation last week when Mr. Bayard Veiller's drama "The 13th Chair" was produced at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre. It is not that New York was hitherto innocent of detective plays. But there is a succession of grewsome thrills in this piece scarcely equalled before. We have no intention of revealing the plot, which for complete enjoyment must be learned by the spectator. It is enough to say that a story of murder and detection is adapted to the stage with unusual success. Tricks of the trade are not wanting, but on the whole the audience is treated with more fairness than is apt to be the case even in the best books of detective fiction. We can heartily recommend this play to the considerable class of persons who find mental relaxation in stories of mysterious crime. F.

"CAPTAIN KIDD, JR."

Rida Johnson Young gives a new twist to a tale of buried treasure, by making the treasure after all only a "sell." It was a device of old man Carleton in his will to encourage an addiction to fresh air and exercise in his effeminate and hypochondriacal nephew. To that end, he invented an elaborate scheme which would induce his heir to go and dig for ancient Mexican treasure on a farm at Cape Cod. How other people, notably an elderly Scotch bookseller and his granddaughter and a wild young man whom he had more or less adopted, came to share in the adventure and the subsequent disappointment, and how the disappointment turned out in the end a lucky investment, the reader may go to the Cohan and Harris Theatre to discover for himself. Miss Young has produced an amusing little farce which has a capital second act, wherein the whole party is digging desperately in the front yard of the farm, but which drags a little at the beginning of the first and the last acts. The explanation of the "sell," however, is reserved for the end, and the audience shares in the general satisfaction of the final scene. The play is competently acted and moves quickly. Miss Edith Taliaferro, Otto Kruger, Ernest Stallard, and Charles Brown all acquit themselves well as treasure-seekers, the last-named being particularly effective as the hypochondriacal heir, and the Cape Cod characters, Lemuel and Luella Bush and the constable, Samuel Dickins, are excellently played by Edward Snader, Miss Zelda Sears, and Charles Dow Clark. S. W.

"Punishment," by Louise Burleigh and Edward Hale Bierstadt (Holt; $1 net), is evidently intended to be the American equivalent of the "Justice" of John Galsworthy, but, apart from its similarity of motive and sincerity of purpose, it has little in common with that powerful and dramatic work of tragic realism. That it is veracious in its general reflection of the prevalent conditions and atmosphere in many of our State prisons, and of the abominable abuses due to the baser kinds of political intrigue, may be readily admitted—without reference to the certificate of its substantial accuracy accorded in a preface by Thomas Mott Osborne—but it has not the convincing grip of Mr. Galsworthy's play, first, because it deals with a very special instance, instead of with one with a general application, and, secondly, because of its maladroit dependence upon improbable coincidence and a sentimentalism which, if not entirely unreasonable, is, in its essence, both theatrical and conventional. A special plea, founded upon a sane and humanizing theory, is made to rest, in the final issue, upon the result of an experiment, extravagant in conception and incredible in detail. In the place of the artful realism and logical progression of successive incident to the crowning catastrophe in Mr. Galsworthy's piece, we have emotional and manifestly tricky sensationalism. The moral and motive of the piece are unexceptionable. It is a pity that they should be weakened or confused by the introduction of such side issues as political graft and corruption, although these, of course, help local color and have a certain theatrical value. But "Punishment" is not another "Justice."

Orie Latham Hatcher, formerly a professor at Bryn Mawr, is the author of "A Book for Shakespeare Plays and Pageants" (Dutton; $2 net), fittingly described as a treasury of Elizabethan and Shakespearean detail for producers, stage managers, actors, artists, and students. Of what is absolutely new it contains nothing, or very little, but it is packed with all kinds of useful information connected with its subject, is most conveniently arranged, and, with the exception of an occasional misprint, appears to be as accurate as it is comprehensive. The facts are taken from the best authorities, and are supplemented by copious illustrations, of which some are not common and all are pertinent. Many of the old wood-cuts, which are reproduced, are exceedingly interesting. The especial value of the book consists in its compact presentment, under one cover, of data collected from a variety of sources, familiar to students but not to the casual reader. Thus the essence of a good many more or less elaborate works on Elizabethan customs and manners is to be found in the chapters dealing with Shakespeare and his England, wherein the Queen's progresses, old London and its first theatre, Shakespeare and his associates, the costumes and amusements of the period, the habits and pleasures of the Court, and the powers of the Master of the Revels, are discussed with point and brevity. The papers on Elizabethan music, dancing, and dress, and the children of the chapel are particularly entertaining and instructive.

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And Professor Hatcher exhibits a pleasing sanity in summarizing the known facts of Shakespeare's life, indulging in no speculations, but making the record complete and up to date. In the second part of the work, intended to show the organizers of pageants how to profit by the information given in the first, the suggestions as to locality, opportunity, the selection of suitable historical subjects, and so forth, are both sagacious and practical. In a series of appendices the author enumerates various incidents of Shakespeare's time capable of symbolical representation; gives a list of old Elizabethan plays by various authors; reprints "The Canter's Dictionary," and adds a useful bibliography, glossary, and index, together with the words and music of Elizabethan lyrics.

Grand Opera in Paris

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, November 4.

If ever there were a spot in war-time
—where music dwells
Lingering and wandering on as loth to die,

it is the Paris Opéra. What was expected to be a revolutionary change in management had been made just before the war; but the new director, the rich and intellectual Jacques Rouché, has had no opportunity to modernize anything at all. His rôle has been restricted to charity and comradery—for the one thing necessary has been to help live the many scores of human beings who make up the staff of the Opéra. It is not all singing like sweet cicadas, even in times of peace. Stage carpenters and musicians, ballet-dancers and box-opening women, must all eat every day. Grand opera, numerically, uses a small part of the theatrical world of Paris, but it has to keep body and soul together for its own. And that is why the giant "monument" which is the Paris Opéra remains open.

Last year matinées were given, but that was found inconsistent with this chief duty of eking out a subsistence now that the north wind of war blows steadily on. It obliged chorus and orchestra to give up more nourishing Sunday work elsewhere and their extras at concerts. This year there are to be only evening performances. Some of us who have been cloyed by the Teuton sole are glad that native composers are to have their day. It is a small-letter compensation for capital evils of war; and it is likely to endure, at least all through the first years of peace.

To-night, for the opening, unlucky Emmanuel Chabrier's "Briséis" is given. It is by way of reparation as well as homage, French and patriotic. He died twenty-three years ago, having seen none of his best-loved dramatic works staged. Piano-players frequent his scores; orchestras enchant unprejudiced ears with his sonorous "España," and concerts know his symphonies; and in Paris his "Le Roi s'amuse" is not forgotten. Still, critics who pose to lead the musical public by following it opine superior when they hear his name: "French music," and then "Music thirty years old." Nowadays, Art is new or it is not; and the world will list to music only that pleases its shifty ear. How could unadvertised Chabrier make himself heard in the monopoly of sounds from beyond the Rhine!

What anguish of greatness,
Rail'd and hunted from the world,
Because its simplicity rebukes
This envious, miserable age!

In the programme of the season, two names consecrated by this war appear. One is "Las Goyescas" of Granados, the Spanish composer lost in the torpedoed Sussex. Americans already know his work. The other is the "Guercœur"—a lyric tragedy in three acts—which Albéric Magnard wrote nearly twenty years ago, the wind not blowing since to French echoes. The German invasion swept towards the Marne past the lonely country house where he hid his talent, which was great:

But he has laid the use of music by,
And all which might relax his settled gloom.
—And the world hath the day, and must break thee,
Not thou the world.

He could retire from a world unlistening, but he stood out alone against the German troops as they sped by towards his beloved Paris, and he was shot down. The trial of his music is to come, this time before favoring ears, freed at last from much that was cant of Philistine *intellectuels*. His father was Francis Magnard, of the *Figaro*, who condensed political wisdom into the shortest leading articles known—perhaps the son's music, too, is overcharged.

To the ruminant of humanity's outcrop in wars the Opéra-Comique of Paris is no less interesting than the Grand Opéra itself. Both are institutions subsidized by the State, and in a way governed by its Ministry of Fine Arts. The popular idea of the difference between them is that the Opéra gives pieces with recitative, and the Opéra-Comique does not. That was the difference in the rendering of Mozart's "Don Juan" (Don Giovanni) in the two houses. There must be more reasons, for the Opéra under stress of war is abandoning recitative, and the Opéra-Comique keeps on giving the same pieces as the other.

The Opéra reopened only in the second year of the war, and then in fragmentary, yet perhaps more delightful, style. The Opéra-Comique began its usual seasons on December 6, 1914, when the Germans and their noises had retreated finally from any neighborhood with Paris. In the month of October just past it gave twenty-four performances, six a week; and 576 artists and employees were on the pay list during that month. During its twenty-three months of war it has paid out more than 3,000,000 francs ($600,000) in salaries and wages and financial burdens. Before the war, the entire theatrical world of Paris numbered nearly 70,000 souls, all responding to the unending cry of human peoples: "Panem —et Circenses." Taking mankind by and large, theirs perhaps was not the worse part; and they have the right, like the others, to eat every day—for they, too, are "people." Their men have been drained likewise into war and to death by hundreds and thousands, often flouting the foe as they might have done on the real stage. Their orphans and widows and their old men and women and all others who are left behind have still to eat every day and be warmed and sleep. They are all of the human compound, and to this primal aim of all life France in the rear bends all her energies, just as at the front she fights with all her might for peace through victory. And this is the philosophy of Opéra and Opéra-Comique remaining open in Paris during the war.

Those who still think of music in all this will like to know that the pieces which so far hold best the boards at the Opéra-Comique are "Sapho," which is French, and "La Tosca," which is "people."

G. D. Armour: Animal Artist

By W. G. TINCKOM-FERNANDEZ.

Annually the festival season brings to America pictorial reminders of an Anglo-Saxon heritage, an intimate share in custom and legend that were once common to both sides of the Atlantic. What though environment and association have moulded another sturdy race, yet our sports and social institutions recur as signs-manual of a common historic origin. Washington Irving helped to perpetuate this sentimental relationship. Thus at Christmas American publishers continue to dress those sports and customs in the jovial mode and mood of a vanished day. Gift-books and cards perennially exhale the flavor of an eighteenth-century Christmas, its red-cheeked mirth and open-handed, fireside hospitality. Our artists persist in a necromancy of Yule-logs and frosty coaching scenes, of punch-bowls and trenchermen. Sometimes an American boy, whose voice never cracked over frequent rendition of "John Peel," cherishes the historic nugget that Washington rode to hounds, and is charmed by pictures of jolly huntsmen in pink hurrying to horse from a derelict breakfast-table of candles, joints, and wine for the chilly, sunrise meet.

Doubtless this is only a factitious interest, though pink coats and hounds are not rare to the jaundiced eye of the Manhattan commuter, while they are still found in Virginia without the assiduous aid of the novelists. A captious critic cannot deny that it has remained for sport to identify and label many Anglo-Saxon survivals in our melting-pot. It was a German who was amazed to learn that the late Mr. Vanderbilt did not drive his coach on English roads for profit, but for the sport of the thing and through sentiment for a vanished Anglo-Saxon custom. This sporting kinship has found new ties in the international polo matches, which provided a fitting climax to this ancient Oriental game played for the first time in England in 1871 and at Brooklyn five years later. It was during the last polo contest that New York saw the work of George Denholm Armour on exhibition for the first time in this country, though there were few lovers of horseflesh who had not already marked the vitality of his studies in *Punch* and *Country Life*. Mr. Armour's various drawings of animals and outdoor sports are now available in attractive form.* Hunting, polo, shooting, and steeplechasing, fly-fishing, and horse or dog shows are the subjects for his retentive pencil. The vigor and variety of delineation in this seemingly limited field is the essence of his appeal to American lovers of animals.

The tradition of British animal artists is not so enduring or notable as in portraiture. Brief cycles of fashion and sentiment, the lack of scientific knowledge and observation, discouraged an unbroken tradition in animal art. Especially is this true of domestic animals. The first fruits of accurate observation and scientific knowledge came from the improved economies of agriculture and sport, and thus the artists appropriated the results of the show-ring, paddock, and kennel. Since George Stubbs, the intimate of Reynolds, published his "Anatomy of the Horse" in 1766, the Brit-

**Pastime with Good Company.* By G. D. Armour. London: Country Life Co. Quarto. 15s. net.

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ish tradition has been formulated, and is fairly continuous with the names of Seymour, the Sartoriouses, Sawrey Gilpin, Reinagle, Scott, Pollard, and Henry Alken in pictures, prints, and engravings. Stubbs was a more consistent animal painter than the great Morland, whose ignorance of anatomy led him to select aged horses for models. With Stubbs a scientific knowledge only too patently reinforces his integrity of line, and his clever arrangement of weight and mass in a breed as yet undeveloped. At Landseer it is still the fashion to gird. But, except for his habitual sentimentalism, his tendency to humanize his dogs, or epicize his monarchs of the glen, the mid-Victorian marks a consistent advance in structural fidelity. Henry Alken, whose rare mezzotints are the pride of American collectors, revived the scientific spirit of Stubbs in his eighteen plates of "The Beauties and Defects of the Horse," and is the father of the modern school. The unnatural extension of horse and hound in action and other conventions began to disappear, and the school of Leech and Keene, with its humor, evolved such animal lovers as the late James Crawhall and George Denholm Armour. That economy of line implicit in humor was increasingly applied to an intimate knowledge of animals and their ways, and soon improved those garish, inaccurate, if picturesque, sporting prints of early-Victorian fancy that adorned smoking-, tap-, and harness-rooms.

Following after Leech in a professional association with *Punch*, Mr. Armour, like Leech, is a keen sportsman, and he gives us a modern version of the vitality that characterized the robustious, hard-riding squires of the sporting world of the eighteenth century. In the present collection horses, dogs, and men appear in that intimate juxtaposition that is only truly accented by the various forms of equestrian sport; for in their purely mercenary relations man and beast can hardly fail to become separate and intensely individualized. Who, in looking at Mr. Armour's "Riding Him Off," can doubt the love for the "rigour of the game" of Kipling's Maltese Cat, the "flea-bitten grey, with a neat polo tail"? There is no doubt of the chorus that has crashed down wind in another drawing, as huntsman, hounds, and field rhythmically stream into the foreground of a hunting scene. For unaffected clarity of touch there is the spirited stride of a thoroughbred racehorse taking Becher's Brook, or the movement and action in the Point-to-Point series. Humor, in a dramatic incident like "'Ware Riot," waits patiently upon fact: the hackles are still up on the hound's back as he takes his flogging with the dead rabbit under his nose. But it is not only with action that Mr. Armour is successful: the symmetry of his languorous Fox Cubs, the study of a sitting horse in A Well-Earned Rest, and the grouping of shaggy moor-ponies in A Devonshire Fair are revelations of a professional and felicitous eye and hand.

In spite of the inevitable preponderance of episode in his art, Mr. Armour has followed in the footsteps of Stubbs with portraiture. In his life of Stubbs Sir Walter Gilbey tells us of the artist's impatience at being rated for animal *genre* alone. In those halcyon coaching and racing days the squirearchy paid Stubbs more for his pictures of their favorites than they paid Reynolds for their uncomfortable portraits. And though Reynolds chaffed his friend on this ironic fact, yet the satirist of the period was able to take advantage of Stubbs's sensitiveness at being called "the first animal painter of his time." Peter Pindar apostrophized him with:

> Well pleas'd, thy Horses, Stubbs, I view,
> And eke thy Dogs, to Nature true;
> Let modern artists match thee, if they can:
> *Such animals thy genius suit.*
> Then stick, I beg thee, to the Brute,
> And meddle not with Woman, nor with Man.

Not long ago Stubbs's Colonel Pocklington with his Hunter was ascribed to Gainsborough. While Mr. Armour derives little from the eighteenth-century master, yet he has shown a peculiar power for facial delineation. Mr. Armour's portraits, however, do more than depict the weathered faces of hard-riding hunting folk of the English shires, or the fine breedy horses they bestride. The characters of rider and horse receive their separate individuality, and they are always conceived with that generous, elemental dignity that accrues to man and beast in the freedom of out-door sport. To a hunting man Sargent's Lord Ribblesdale as Master of the Royal Buckhounds exhales an air of preciosity that is only retrieved by the delicacy with which a green old age is depicted; one conjectures what the great technician could achieve with a type like Lord Lonsdale, or with Americans of the type of Judge Moore or Mr. H. P. Whitney. In an age of specialization there is every reason why an artist like Mr. Armour should increasingly appropriate for his brush a type which is frankly anathematized as "horsey and doggy" in the more precious circles of the *salon*, and which can, at best, only remain an enigma to his suaver fellow-craftsmen.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, October 20.

The Miracle has been worked and the Arts and Crafts Society, of old considered the most un-Academic society in England, is established in Burlington House for at least a couple of months. Sir Edward Poynter, who formally opened the exhibition, seemed himself appalled by the signs of revolution on all sides of him in his own once sacred precincts, and, in his speech, was careful to point out and emphasize the fact that the Academy can claim credit for nothing save the loan of the galleries.

When William Morris and his followers and friends founded the Society in the eighties, it was thought innovation enough to insist upon prominence being given to the craftsman no less than to the artist. But this is now taken as a matter of course, and of late years the Society has sought further development by showing what a combination of arts and crafts can do in the manner of presenting its members' work to the public, as well as in their work itself. To make an artistic whole of an exhibition is no new thing. We owe it, with much else whose origin is forgotten, to Whistler. His Arrangements in Yellow and White, in Flesh Color and Grey were ridiculed by the critics and roared over by the public of the moment; all the same they revolutionized the art exhibition not only in England, but on the Continent, and, moreover, in such a comparatively short time that the Paris 1900 International Exposition in its art department, especially the German and Austrian sections, seemed a tribute to his influence, even if this influence was often misunderstood and distorted. But the Arts and Craftsmen, who had no use whatever for Whistler, made little effort in their exhibitions to do more than show what they had to show, until the last International Exposition in Ghent, when they seem suddenly most concerned in their way of showing it—though, it must be added, with anything but conspicuous success. The fine rooms lent them at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris, in the spring of 1914, gave them an opportunity to obtain fine architectural and decorative effects without wholesale pulling down or putting up, which probably did not come within the scope of the director's hospitality. And now this year, for the first time in London, in preparing their exhibition their main preoccupation has been frankly the decorative effect, above all in its relation to structural design, and to obtain it the ten rooms lent by the Academy have been practically, if temporarily, rebuilt, and in the process so transformed that it is not difficult to sympathize with Sir Edward Poynter's apparent dismay.

As it is this aspect of the exhibition to which chief attention is called, I must also place it first in writing of the exhibition, if I am to give anything like a right impression. The Academy was anathema to the founders of the Society, and their successors seem to disapprove with the same thoroughness of the Academic background. The endeavor has been to do away with Academic architecture and Academic decoration, and new rooms of new shapes and new dimensions have been made inside all the ten galleries, with one exception, and new schemes of decoration substituted. In all, save again that one exception, the light is not concentrated by a velarium as it should be, but subdued by a low flat ceiling of cheesecloth. The large gallery, No. 3, is converted into a municipal, or public, hall with an apse at one end and a series of four arches on either side. The sculpture rotunda has become a circular chapel, with altars and a hanging lamp and mural decorations; the sculpture gallery also has taken on something of the appearance of a chapel or sanctuary. Several of the galleries have been divided up into three, four, even six little rooms.

Let me say at once that, for exhibition purposes, nothing could be more unfortunate. I would not set up Burlington House as an architectural model, but it was built at a period when architects had some respect for space and ample proportions, and the galleries serve excellently the end for which they were designed—they are spacious, well proportioned, well lit. As much cannot be said of them as they are now. In some of the smallest rooms, two or three people make a crowd. Furniture and show cases fill up the floor space until next to none is left for the people who come to see, and

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who, if they are not careful, are caught by the sharp angle of a table, run the danger of knocking over a vase or a candlestick, and set drawings and designs awry on the walls as they pass. The low ceilings are oppressive. And the artificial lighting, important in London, during the season of short days, leaves most of the rooms dim and gloomy. The idea is excellent, the electric lights being placed above the cheesecloth ceiling which subdues and softens them, but what people who come to see things need is a light to see them by, and not a pleasant dimness. I must confess that, personally, it was a relief to get back to that one gallery where nothing has been done except to cover the ugly walls and uglier gilding with white hangings. I could breathe again after the vitiated air of the small cubbyholes, and ordinary lighting enabled me again to look at the exhibits in comfort.

Of course, the all-important question is whether the new architectural proportions are so beautiful in themselves as to justify the sacrifice to them of the rest of the exhibits. I hardly think they are, unless perhaps in the case of the large hall where, wisely, the only exhibits are just the mural decorations and sculptures that have an appropriate place in it. No furniture and showcases litter up the floor and dwarf the effect. The design is by Henry Wilson, who has succeeded Walter Crane as president and who is an artist with a fine architectural sense and a proper appreciation of good models. There is nothing original in the design, which recalls an old basilica, especially as the great painting of a Madonna and Saints and the decorative arcading that fill the apse, also by Wilson, are little more than a reëcho of Byzantine ornament. But the lines are good—the high arches carrying the eye upward and increasing the idea of height; the walls are simple—covered with some sort of burlap and painted a warm yellow-gray, in their simplicity a reproach to that over-elaboration in modern decoration which William Morris and the Arts and Crafts have done so much to encourage. Here and there is a low bas-relief, here and there a statue on its pedestal or in its niche. And the shallow bays made by the tall arches have each its large painting on the wall by a different artist. The architectural changes elsewhere are of lesser note, the most radical, really, being subordinated to the mural decorations for which they are the setting.

Upon these decorations great importance is laid. It has long been lamented that the English artist never has the chance to show what he can do in decorating wall spaces, but is restricted to the painting of pictures. It is urged that to let him loose in churches and public buildings would be to prove him the rival of the old Florentines and Venetians. The exhibition has been made his opportunity, and that he might work in the same manner as the old Florentines and Venetians, students from various art schools have helped him as apprentices helped their masters in the days before an assistant in a studio had degenerated into a scandalous "ghost." Artists, of more or less established reputations, have contributed to the experiment, and the question is, with what result? To begin with the hall: I can pass quickly over Wilson's Madonna, it is so obviously an imitation, but as he is an artist with a fine color, no less than architectural, sense, it fills the space harmoniously and with awkward Byzantine dignity. The eight designs in the bays, however, reveal chiefly the painter's inexperience. The figures of one might be in scale were they placed ten or more feet higher on the wall; another, had they been reserved for an Academy "picture of the year." A third exaggerates in large dimensions the soul of banal sentiment that greets us, mercifully reduced in size, from the average British war poster.

Only three merit more serious consideration. C. M. Gere, better known as an illustrator, has taken for subject wounded soldiers in their hour of recreation in the high park of a country town with a wide, hilly landscape for background, and he has rendered the blue of their hospital uniform and the greens of the landscape in a high, cool key which is agreeable to the eye. But you might see the same sort of picture, and better done, by the dozen in a Paris Salon. Gerald Moira fills the opposite bay with a somewhat similar subject, also rendered in a light, cool key: a wounded soldier stretched upon a couch on a high balcony, wife and child and nurse grouped about him, a wide landscape in the background—trite as sentiment, empty as design, the sort of thing a Frenchman would do with infinitely greater technical skill. Moira had paintings in the Academy last spring that seemed more fitted for mural decorations; now his mural decoration strikes one as a picture out of place. It is the same with Sydney Lee, who forgets war as it is to paint a castle, or fortress, on a cliff, the picturesque survival of the picturesque warfare of other days, with below it the little old town it protects and a thick belt of trees in the immediate foreground, and above it a dark romantic sky; a composition that recalls Isabey's lithographs for Baron Taylor's monumental work, and to say this is to explain why it fails as a decoration. For, though carried out in large, dignified lines and spaces, it would seem more appropriate as an illustration. In the large hall, certainly, the mere fact of having a big space to let themselves go on has not made decorators of painters and illustrators.

For another room, a frieze has been painted by Augustus John and William Rothenstein. John has had practical experience in mural decoration, while he seldom exhibits a large painting that is not extolled for its decorative qualities. But these are exactly the qualities which he does not bring to his present task. Perhaps he has taken it too lightly, under the impression that anything he might contribute should be gratefully received by the Arts and Crafts. His part of the frieze decorates one side of the room. The composition is divided into three sections, or panels, by the primitive device of placing his central group of figures between the ill-drawn trunks of two trees. This central group looks as if, in his haste, he had gathered together the women with shawls over their heads we have seen in more than one of his canvases, adding to them the small boy with whom by this time we are as familiar. On the right, a group of men, who may be workmen or fishermen, loafers or anarchists, are gathered, gesticulating with wooden aloofness; to the left, men, women, and children stand about a table on which there are bottles of wine and glasses; the three groups are posed against a pale blue-gray background at one end and a town dimly seen in the distance. The Arts and Crafts Society have not succeeded in having their catalogue ready even at the end of two weeks and, without it, I have not found it easy to understand what John was seeking to express, and my attention, consequently, was concentrated on his method of expressing it. As a composition I could see nothing in his decoration but a series of disjointed incidents, entirely wanting in decorative unity, apparently sketched in rapidly and left at that, slovenly in detail, meaningless in line. The color scheme of blues and grays, however, is not unpleasant, especially in the shadowy afternoon, when figures fade into the landscape and details are lost. I am not sure that it does not seem the pleasanter because of the contrast with the crudeness of Rothenstein's frieze on the other side of the room. Rothenstein has made a solemn university rite the excuse for a series of portraits, but his one idea of arranging them into a decorative scheme is to place the distinguished company two by two in a long procession across the wall, and he has not succeeded even in getting color out of their brilliant gowns, or character out of their faces, which should be full of it.

The decorators of the third principal room have not been more successful. Charles Sims, a painter of graceful idyllic trifles, has indulged in a big subject for a big space and abandoned classic myth for "Work," symbolized by a group of nudes of gigantic proportions and violent foreshortening, remotely reminiscent of Michaelangelo and the Sistine Chapel. High on a wall, the figures might keep their place, but, unfortunately, the space Sims had to fill is low, and they seem tumbling out of the painting and distorted in the violence of their pose. In a word, the decoration is out of all proportion to the room it decorates. Grieffenhagen, opposite, fails for the same reason. His composition also is an allegory, and he introduces into it portraits of old masters and figures from their paintings and sculptures, Botticelli's Primavera prominent in the foreground, but all in their coarseness seem to make a tragic appeal for removal to the height to which they belong. The only painter here who appears to understand that there must be some relation between a mural decoration and its architectural setting is

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Anning Bell, who, like John, has had experience, and whose painting of the Sleeping Beauty in a lunette above the door, if slight and trivial as a composition, does, in its lines and proportions, fill its space with rhythmical balance and a feeling of repose.

Of the other mural decorations nothing need be said. The chance to make them has no doubt helped in the education of the painters and students who collaborated, but it has not created the genius, and churches and public buildings would be more beautiful with bare walls than disfigured by any such school exercises and studio experiments. The most ambitious of them all tells less well than a series of lithographs by members of the Senefelder Club—Brangwyn, Pennell, Pryse, Hartrick, and others—designed as posters for the London Underground, and now hung as a frieze in one of the smaller rooms. They were made, some in black-and-white, some with touches of color, to be seen on the walls of the Underground stations, and therefore adapt themselves admirably to their present position.

I have written at length of these architectural and decorative features of the exhibition, not only because the Society has made a special point of them, but because I have found them of most interest. The other exhibits are what they have always been at the Arts and Crafts, except perhaps that as much space is not given to textiles and wall-papers and table linen as in earlier years when Morris and Walter Crane and Lewis Day were the principal influences in the management. There is the usual display of pottery, glass, silverware, jewelry, printing, binding, prints, cartoons, embroideries, metalwork, occasional pieces of furniture. One room has been set apart for an historical section, the Society already claiming a past—examples of William Morris, Ford Madox Brown, Burne-Jones, Walter Crane—and as this is the room in which fewest decorative changes have been made, the only change, indeed, being the covering of the walls with white, it is by far the most satisfactory. The others, as a rule, are bewilderingly overcrowded with exhibits; small care has been given to the hanging of prints and cartoons and stuffs on walls so carefully transformed; the whole has the air of a bazaar—the same mistake that was made at Ghent. But, for that matter, the Arts and Craftsmen have seldom learned the value of repose even in their work. Morris seemed unwilling to leave the smallest space on a carpet, or a wall-paper, or whatever it might be, uncovered with ornament, and his Society has ever followed his lead. As an example of the lengths to which this over-ornamentation may be carried, there is at one extreme an altar with a high reredos upon which scarcely an inch is left free of design and paintings and geometric scrolls and texts; at the other extreme, a room furnished by a society of women, where even the bedspread must have its inscription. It is a relief to take refuge in a tiny alcove furnished as a bedroom, with the plainest of plain furniture, simple white curtains, and white walls on which hang only a few quiet samplers; greater relief still to come upon the room of the Design and Industries Association, showing the simplest commercial objects the simplest shop might contain, where, despite much that is cheap and meretricious, at least the plain earthenware jars for jam and the stuffs manufactured for West African blacks are restful to the eye.

Morris always preached the beauty of utility, and these simple things prove it better than the more flamboyant and pretentious exhibits. They are included as a direct concession to the new movement for the appropriation of German trade and German industry and German art. The war having given Englishmen a sharp reminder of how they have lagged behind, the desire is to profit by it and to be prepared for peace and the commerce it will bring. Promising as the inclusion of these articles of commerce may be, I am afraid the members of the Society have still far to go before they can hope to compete with the German commercial methods of "before the war." The complaint is that Germans appropriated the ideas and the initiative of English arts and craftsmen. But, then, Germany turned them to practical use, which is just what the Arts and Craftsmen themselves have not done. It is on the business side the Society lags behind. Morris preached art for the people and produced it for the few who could pay, and his Society has never been keen to meet popular demand. Morris, however, was a business man and saw that his things were bought by those who could afford them. But so little business capacity—the great essential at this crisis—does his Society seem to possess that it could not manage to have its exhibition ready on the opening day when the galleries were all naked walls and scaffolding and chaos, and it has not now, at the end of two weeks, provided the catalogue which would have been so valuable an asset. "It is a pity," an Academy painter said to me; "many people would have bought it; they have been losing money straight along." Today the industry, however artistic, that is not run on business lines, has small chance in the world's commercial competition. Altogether, with the organization of its exhibition in war-time, the Society seems to have exhausted its enterprise.

The Academy, having made one surprising break with tradition, is now preparing its first Winter Exhibition of Black-and-White.

N. N.

"Shakespeare in Pictorial Art," being a special number of the *Studio*, written by Malcolm C. Salaman, belongs rather to the literature of the Shakespeare anniversary than to art. It is odd and instructive that Shakespeare has rarely well inspired a draughtsman. The illustrations are a bog of mediocrity and the paintings, though marked by an occasional flash of insight, for example, in Ford Madox Brown, Millais, and Abbey, are usually distressful. The brochure would serve as an antidote to the maxim *ut pictura poesis*.

Finance

TWO PHENOMENA OF THE DAY.

Every one remembers the extent to which, when this war began, the financial mind was confused and bewildered over the resultant phenomena. One form which this bewilderment assumed was the most extraordinary inferences and deductions from what was actually happening in the markets. The idea that either our Government or our banks must place an embargo on gold exports was one of these. The demand that Congress either "stabilize" the price of cotton, or issue paper currency based on warehoused cotton, was another.

All these vagaries in financial, commercial, or economic reasoning arose from the fact, first that the perplexing phenomena of the day were so novel, but, secondly, that they were so enormous in their scope. In due course, the world began to understand what the new situation actually meant; the particularly wild conjecture and diagnosis died away. But whenever a new and striking set of phenomena appeared on the financial markets, the tendency of 1914 showed itself again. As in the months when war had just begun, Wall Street itself would hear again that all economic law and precedent have been upset, and that therefore we must prepare to discard fundamental practices and principles.

At the present moment, this kind of discussion is largely prevalent regarding two very striking financial incidents of the period. One is the huge increase in this country's imports of gold; the other, the plans, in connection with the British Government's purchases from our manufacturers for discounting a limited amount of one to six months' British Treasury bills at American banks. In their present form, both developments are novel in character, and startling in their scope. Each is reasonably certain to create some economic problems calling for careful watching. But these very facts give reason for calm and sober judgment as to exactly what is happening in these directions, and why.

So far as regards the huge gold imports, it must first be recognized that these are a sign and consequence of prosperity. That they are so much larger than they have been in any previous prosperous period, obviously results from the fact that this country's present economic strength—especially in its international relations—is correspondingly greater than it has ever been before. The resultant immense increase in the country's money supply, and therefore in its facilities for cash reserves against expanding credits, undoubtedly involves the risk of reckless speculation. The same risk has always existed, however, in the case of large gold imports, stimulated by home prosperity and large foreign trade. Between the present incident and 1898 or 1879, for instance, the difference is one of degree and not, primarily at least, of kind.

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That these new American reserves of gold are the cause of the present high cost of necessities, cannot seriously be contended. They may in some directions have affected prices through the larger use of credit. But "war demands" are the paramount influence; actual shortage in production is this year another. Prices are substantially higher in belligerent Europe than in neutral America. Notwithstanding all the discussion of restriction on gold imports by financial Amsterdam, the Bank of the Netherlands accepts gold as freely as financial New York when it comes (as it manifestly does with us) in direct payment for merchandise exported. As for the haphazard theory that Europe may some time and somehow see fit to "demonetize" gold, that is too crude a notion to be seriously discussed. To go no further, the Bank of France holds to-day $1,000,000,000 gold and the Bank of Germany $620,000,000—accumulated with great expense and urgent pressure on the people, and pledged for use in the ultimate return to gold payments.

Thus far, it is America's war-time extension of credit to the outside world, through banks or individuals, which has chiefly mitigated the purely speculative consequences of our new reserve money. In this respect, last week's proposed experiment for discounting one to six months' Treasury bills of France and England has its application. Economically, two or three facts are incontrovertible. Such notes would represent the financing of our actual sale of merchandise to Europe. They would take no capital out of the United States, because their proceeds are devoted wholly to paying the bills of American manufacturers.

They would stand, therefore, in at least some essential aspects, exactly on the footing of advances made by banks to conduct a foreign trade. But this function has been recognized as an unavoidable duty, if we accept our present responsibilities as the central market of the world. The real question of doubt regarding them is the question which equally arises in other banking operations—how much of its resources a bank is warranted in placing in loans to any single borrower. Precisely what will be the longer outcome of the present extraordinary economic situation, is a matter of debate. There is at least as much ground—barring recourse to actual recklessness in the ordinary machinery of credit—to assume that present phenomena are accumulating financial strength for the United States, as to assume that they are imperilling our position. But during all this present perplexing period, the use of intelligence and of great circumspection, in our ordinary banking methods, continues of high importance.

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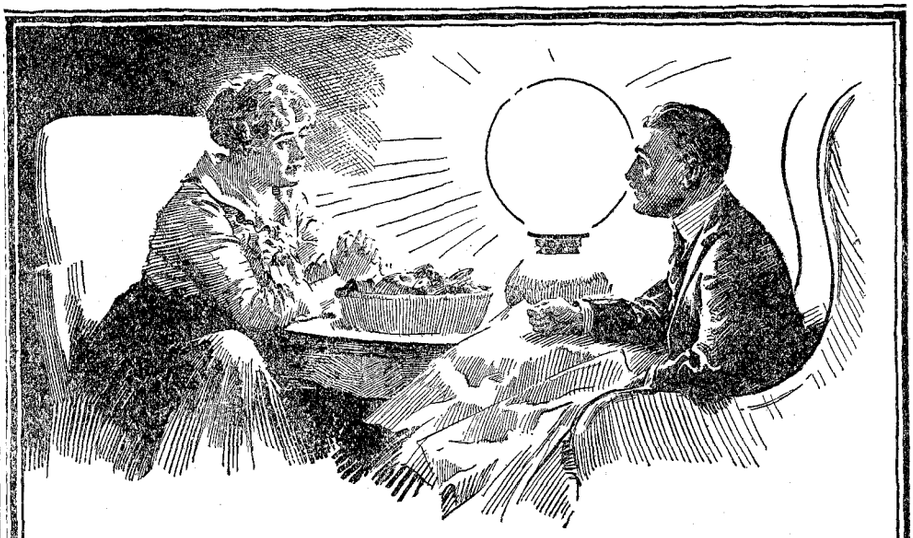

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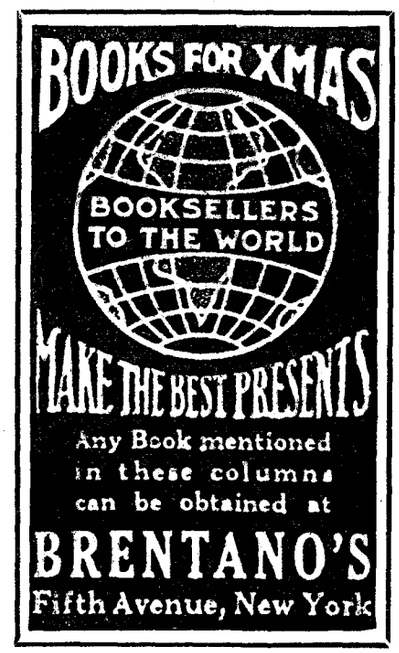
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